

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Archibald R. Colquhoun and Sydney Brooks.
3438



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THERE.

There the hawk and the eagle will nest
 In groves of the myrtle and palm
 By the dove, and the dove be at rest
 And the Lion shall lie down with the
 lamb.

The Lion, with eyes of deep gold,
 And his tawny, magnificent fleece,
 Shall play with the lambs of the fold,
 And the lambs of the fold be at
 peace.

The Lion shall lie down with the lamb
 In the green, daisied grass by a
 spring.

In the shade of the myrtle and palm.
 Where the doves preen the breast
 and the wing.

And there shall that bright worm, the
 Snake,
 His poison, his fangs cast away.
 With the robin his sweet pleasure take,
 And sit with the rabbits at play.

The Lion shall lie down with the lamb,
 And the heart of the Tiger, grown
 mild,
 In that season of exquisite calm.
 The Tiger shall sport with the child.

Creation shall live in such peace,
 No longer in hate, but in love,
 The striped wasp shall not sting, nor
 the bees,
 The vulture shall be as the dove.

With the bright singing birds in the
 leaves,
 And the fish in the wave, and the
 flowers,
 God smiles as He walks there of eves,
 And the dew shall be kind, and the
 showers.

On the green, daisied grass 'neath the
 boughs,
 Her fleece newly-washed and white,
 The sheep near the Shepherd shall
 browse,
 Nor shake though the wolf be in
 sight.

That timorous creature the hare
 Shall play with the dog, nor recall

The anguish, the flight, the despair,
 The red dying that blotted it all.

Yea, creatures, all harmless and kind,
 As God made them when Eden be-
 gan,
 Shall be friends in the sun and sweet
 wind,
 Shall be brothers, the beast and the
 man.

By the Lion shall lie down the lamb,
 By the great dappled sides will he
 lie,

Nor bleat for his wandering dam,
 Nor long that his mother were nigh.
Katharine Tynan.

The Thrush.

THE MIDDLE WATCH.

In a blue dusk the ship astern
 Uplifts her slender spars,
 With golden lights that seem to burn
 Among the silver stars.
 Like fleets along a cloudy shore
 The constellations creep,
 Like planets on the ocean floor
 Our silent course we keep.

*And over the endless plain
 Out of the night forlorn
 Rises a faint refrain,
 A song of the day to be born,—
 Watch, oh watch, till ye find again
 Life and the land of morn!*

From a dim West to a dark East
 Our lines unwavering head,
 As if their motion long had ceased
 And Time itself were dead.
 Vainly we watch the deep below,
 Vainly the void above;
 They died a thousand years ago,—
 Life and the land we love.

*But over the endless plain
 Out of the night forlorn
 Rises a faint refrain,
 A song of the day to be born,—
 Watch, oh watch, till ye find again
 Life and the land of morn!*

Henry Newbolt.

The Spectator.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In attempting an estimate, or even a description, of a living great man, one is at a disadvantage which is rather increased than diminished if one is personally acquainted with him. It is always difficult, in personal intercourse, to realize that a being who looks and talks like an ordinary mortal is really a historical personage. On the contrary, when one tries to get a view of the great man through other eyes, one is conscious that the limelight is full on, and that the hero is taking the middle of the stage in a manner quite inconsistent with real life. In trying to reconcile these two points of view, I may, perhaps, be permitted to err on the opposite side to most of Roosevelt's admirers. I find his own countrymen growing dithyrambic over him as a philosopher, a great diplomatist, an ethical teacher, and so forth. But to me he appears as none of these things. Studying his writings and speeches, I find neither deep thought nor special originality of view—their characteristics are courage, honesty, and sincerity, broad-minded common sense, and considerable raciness of expression. If this is philosophy, then many people, like M. Jourdain with prose, talk philosophy without knowing it. Studying his acts, I find very little statecraft, unless it is statecraft to cut Gordian knots with a sword and knock down opposition with a "Big Stick." In short, his character and attainments seem to me to be not more heroic than those of a number of other men I have known. But these will go down (or have gone down) to their graves unhonored and unsung, whereas Theodore Roosevelt is one of the best-known men in the world, and has left an indelible mark on history. There is something, of course, in a background. The conditions of public life in the United

States when Roosevelt entered it were such as to throw a figure, which might not have arrested so much attention elsewhere, into strong relief. But Roosevelt has two qualities which do raise him entirely above the average politician, and to these, far more than to any intellectual superiority, he owes his success. They are courage and industry. Before tracing in outline the career which has been shaped principally with these two weapons, let me try to sketch briefly the arena in which Roosevelt has had to play his part.

The United States passed through a heroic period in the Civil War, then through a period of struggle and reconstruction, and in the last decades of the nineteenth century she lapsed into a phase which often follows such strenuous times, a phase of moral and political stagnation—only a nation cannot really stagnate; it must go up or down. In the material processes, in the acquisition of wealth, the United States was progressing; in what makes for true national welfare she was beginning to retrograde. The Democracy which was to be a model for the world saw the acquisition by corporations, and even by single individuals, of such wealth as the world had never before known, side by side with conditions of woman and child labor worse than are found in most countries of Europe. The model Government, so carefully shaped by its progenitors, had become a machine worked in party interests—some American writers do not scruple to call it a despotism. The public life to which Washington and Hamilton had devoted themselves had become so corrupt that few reputable Americans would enter the political arena. Free competition had been permitted to develop to a point where liberty became license, the result being a riot of in-

dividualism varied only by the selfishness of those whose success gave them the power to tyrannize. This picture may seem over-colored, but as merely a bird's-eye view of the general condition of public life in America when Roosevelt first came on the scene it is quite justified.

His first experience, at the age of twenty-four, immediately on leaving Harvard, was as a member of Assembly in Albany, the capital of New York State. State politics, with their limitations, were regarded by most of those who participated in them chiefly as a "means to gain some private end"; but young Roosevelt at once became a marked man for the simple reason that he had no "private end." He had means—not a fortune, but an independence—and with Dutch, Scottish and Huguenot blood in his veins he had an idealism which made him care for work for its own sake. He went into politics because he liked doing things, not to make money. No man has a more thorough contempt than he for that unlovely type, the dollar hunter. "There is not in the world a more ignoble character than the mere money-getting American," he has often said. An ardent reformer, especially as regards New York City government, he became the leader of his party, both in office and in opposition. At this period he also found time to write, and his *Naval War of 1812*, published at a time when the United States Navy and mercantile marine were at their lowest, is recognized as a standard work.

In 1884 Roosevelt, for domestic reasons and considerations of health, bought a ranch in Wyoming, in the country known as "the arid belt," and spent two years there. This is the nearest he ever got to being a "cow-boy," or "cow-puncher," in which capacity he has so often been pictured. Originally by no means robust—"pigeon-breasted and asthmatic," he calls

himself—he derived great benefit from the outdoor life, and acquired that love of sport and Nature which has stood him in good stead ever since. It is fairly certain that the West was the "making" of Roosevelt not only physically but also politically. Without the ranch life there would have been no Rough Riders, no Governor of New York, and no President! He afterwards wrote a series of books (the most notable being *The Winning of the West*), which are remarkable for their insight into the life and character of the West, the more remarkable because he was a thorough Easterner to start with. This capacity for getting into the skin of any part he has had to play is one of the most striking features of his character, especially when we remember his practical talents, and argues a larger dose of the imaginative and sympathetic faculty than is usual with practical men. "When Roosevelt is at a funeral," it was once said of him, "he acts like the corpse, and when he is at a wedding everyone takes him for the bride." It is also instructive to note that he lost money in Wyoming, and yet he enjoyed himself there and bore the State no grudge. Money making is one of the few things he never seems to have been good at, which makes his position as a successful man in America unique. From Wyoming he returned to New York, and ran as a candidate for the mayoralty of the city, but was defeated.

Up to this point his luck certainly seemed bad, but as a matter of fact it was better than appeared. For instance, had he become mayor he would probably have been drawn again into State politics and thus deprived of the chance of winning spurs in a wider field. Then he tried to get appointed Assistant Secretary of State, but was again foiled by his luck which decreed that, instead of a post in which he

would have been only a lesser luminary with little initiative, he should receive a post on the Civil Service Commission, with which he served from 1889 to 1895 and of which he soon became head. The possibility of making a career in politics did not seem to him very promising, as he would only go into that sphere on his own terms, and in 1893 he wrote to a friend that his career would probably lie in literature. From 1895-7 he was chief of the Police Commission in New York, a post which many of his friends thought him foolish to take, as beneath his position, but his work there was to prove of the greatest usefulness. Again, when the Cuban War broke out (Roosevelt being Assistant Secretary for the Navy at the time) he wanted to get a post on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee. This proving impossible, he determined to form a volunteer cavalry regiment and, having persuaded the President to sanction the scheme, collected his Rough Riders (chiefly from his Western friends), horsed, armed, and uniformed them, and got them off to Tampa within thirty days. There is something intensely Rooseveltian about this exploit. He knew very little of soldiering, except what he had picked up in his three years' service as captain in the National Guard, but was ready to learn. He had a friend, however, an army surgeon, Leonard Wood, whom he induced to come to the Rough Riders as Colonel and lick both them and their commander into military shape. This apparently reckless choice of a military adviser was justified by events, since Wood was made brigadier-general shortly after, and the Rough Riders did excellent work. It is the exploit of a boy—a big, brave boy—and there is something of the Eternal Boy about a great deal that Roosevelt has done and said. Like Peter Pan, he will never quite grow up. The story of the Rough Riders was told afterwards by

their commander in a picturesque fashion which made them the heroes of the whole Continent. Their relations with him were almost filial, and they always appealed to him when in trouble. Here is a letter from one of them: "Dear Colonel,—I am in trouble. I shot a lady in the eye, but I did not intend to hurt the lady—I was shooting at my wife." To another Rough Rider (under arrest for horse-stealing) he had sent two hundred dollars to pay counsel. The money came back; there had been no trial. "We elected our District Attorney ourselves."

That closes the first phase of Roosevelt's career. Henceforth it is a steady ascent to the pinnacle of fame. Standing for Governor of New York State on his military record, he scored a triumph, and was able to continue some of the reforms he had begun in other capacities. Then in 1901 he was practically forced by his party to accept the post of Vice-President, usually a convenient shelf for nonentities. He protested as strongly as he could, and was "occupied in trying not to be made Vice-President." In a review as early as 1896 he wrote: "The Vice-President is an officer unique in his character and functions, or to speak more correctly, in his want of functions," and now he said, "I don't want to sit in the Senate for four years and say, 'All in favor of the motion.' . . . Besides, I'd have to keep quiet." It is usually understood that, as the Vice-President is traditionally ineligible for the post which he understudies (except in case of the President's death), Roosevelt was pushed into it by those of his own party who felt him to be too independent for the party machine. Fate again played one of her tricks, and the assassination of McKinley within a few months of his election called Roosevelt to fill his place for the remainder of the Presidential term. That gave him time to show his mettle, and

his re-election in 1904 was practically certain.

The Presidency of the United States is a post which depends for its power almost entirely upon the character of the man who fills it. This is true, of course, of almost any post, but more especially of one in which the potentialities are so great as to place almost supreme administrative and executive power within the grasp of a man, if he has the courage to seize them. American Presidents had usually, for a long time past, been chosen by the party machine with due caution, and they had proved fairly tractable. The party system in America is founded on no wide cleavage of political or social ideals, and the fact that elections are held automatically every four years accentuates the lack of any sharp dividing issues. The principal feature was the "spoils system," where almost the whole range of State employment, including even the consular service and the laborers in Government works, was under party patronage. Elections were fought, therefore, largely on this issue. The party in office was employing men of its own complexion, who, if the other side got in, would all lose their jobs. Theoretically, the President had the right of all nominations to posts. Practically, the senators of each State regarded the patronage of that State as their perquisite and privilege. Presidents had striven against this. President Johnson had to face impeachment trial, Grant suffered serious troubles, Cleveland tried his best and failed, Garfield met his death through a disappointed office-seeker. But the "spoils system" seemed to have taken such a hold of American political life as to be absolutely bound up with it.

Against this evil Roosevelt had early begun to war, and in the Civil Service Commission he had done a great deal to scotch the dragon. The chief work of

the Commission was to withdraw from party patronage a certain number of State appointments, instituting an examination system, under which a register is compiled of men eligible for certain classes of posts in each State, and from these registers alone the nominations are made, regardless of politics. During the six years of his work on the Civil Service Commission, no fewer than 50,000 posts were thus withdrawn from the "spoils system." Needless to say, there was constant opposition to the work of the Commission, especially after Roosevelt began to galvanize it into greater activity. The money for its operations had to be voted each year, and was always opposed by the malcontents, though not always openly. On one occasion the vote was cut down. Roosevelt promptly asked for the schedule of examination-routes, and cut out all the districts whose representatives had voted against the supply, explaining that, since it was necessary to cut down the work, he thought this the fairest way to do it! Full details were supplied to the Press, and the representatives of the boycotted districts must have felt some reluctance to face their constituencies. There was fuss, of course, but Roosevelt got the best of it.

When he became President he followed out the principles for which he had always stood. In making an appointment he was ready to give a Republican first chance, providing other qualifications—character, ability, experience—were equal, but the guiding principle was to choose the best man for the job. "Washington is the only one of the Presidents of the United States who has, as a rule, acted on these principles, said Professor Elliot, of Harvard, in 1903. . . . The Civil Reform agitation is nothing but an effort to return, in regard to the humble national affairs, to the practice of Washington." If the former statement were true in 1903 it was no longer

so a few years later, when Roosevelt had got into the saddle. There are other points of resemblance between Roosevelt and Washington, unlike as they are in many respects. Both taught the doctrine of duties rather than rights; with both patriotism and good citizenship are basic duties. Incidentally, it may be said that Roosevelt has never been afraid to help his own friends, but I am sure he is boy enough to feel that they are quite exceptionally good fellows, and therefore such appointments are made with a clear conscience. Naturally, his attitude on the "spoils system" was the source of much party dissatisfaction. How was he able to stand against such a powerful organization as the machine? In the first place he had friends and backers within the party, only too glad to follow the clear lead, though not, perhaps, strong enough to act without it. In the second he had the enormous advantage of his personal popularity with the people. The reason for this popularity is not far to seek. Previous Presidents, for some time past, had been persons of somewhat local reputation, broadclothed gentlemen of unimpeachable morals and pleasant manners. Even a gift of oratory does not stamp such personalities on the imagination of a people as various and scattered as the people of the United States. Roosevelt was quite different. New York, of course, knew him well, and respected him, but the West knew him too. He is at home in riding breeches and a flannel shirt, as much as in the frock coat of convention—perhaps more so. A thousand stories of his prowess, endurance, and *camaraderie* endeared him to that very considerable portion of the people who have enough left of the primitive man to admire a mighty hunter and a good fighter. The Americans love a forceful man—"dynamic" is a pet phrase in connection with Roosevelt—

and they delight in the boundless energy and ceaseless activity that he sets in motion; in his love of the hurly-burly and the storm-centre. John Morley said he had seen two tremendous works of nature in America—the Niagara Falls and Mr. Roosevelt. Then the Rough Rider incident gave him yet another coat of picturesqueness. His writings had brought him into contact with thousands who had never seen him, and his blunt, straightforward manner, practical commonsense, and schoolboy vein of humor make him essentially a human figure, not a political abstraction. No President since Lincoln has enjoyed so large a measure of personal fame and popularity, and Lincoln himself was by no means so intimate a figure to large sections of the people as "Teddy." They have watched him grow, as it were. For more than twenty years he has been a public figure, whereas most American Presidents have been almost unknown, save by a narrow circle, until they assumed the highest office in the gift of the American people.

No one can accuse Roosevelt of obtaining his popularity by truckling to the mob. He came to the front as the opponent of Socialism, quite as much as the attacker of privilege. He hates a demagogue even more than a "boss," and does not scruple to say so.

We are certain to fall if we adopt the policy of the demagogue who raves against the wealth which is simply the form of an embodied thrift, foresight, and intelligence. . . . There is no worse enemy of the wage-workers than the man who condones mob violence in any shape, or who preaches class hatred. . . . In the long run neither the capitalist nor the wage-earner can be helped in a healthy fashion, save by helping the other. . . . If ever anarchy is triumphant its triumph will last but for one red moment, to be succeeded for ages by the gloomy night of despotism. . . . The demagogue in

all his forms is as characteristic an evil of a free society as a courtier is of a despotism. . . . Blatant demagoguism jeopardizes the existence of all free institutions. . . . Working-men, whose lives are passed in one unceasing round of narrow and monotonous toil, are not unnaturally inclined to pay heed to demagogues and professional labor advocates who promise, if elected, to try and pass laws to better their condition. They are hardly prepared to understand or approve the American doctrine of government, which is that the State cannot ordinarily attempt to better the condition of a man or set of men, but can merely see that no wrong is done him or them by anyone else, and that all alike have a fair chance in the struggle for life—a struggle wherein, it may at once be freely though sadly acknowledged, very many are bound to fail, no matter how ideally perfect any given system of government may be. . . . So now it behoves each of us so to conduct his civil life, so to do his duty as a citizen, that we shall in the most effective way war against the spirit of anarchy in all its forms.

This series of quotations, taken from a number of different speeches and writings, gives Roosevelt's social and political theories, and his attitude towards one of the great problems of the day, in a nutshell.

The story of Roosevelt's campaign against Trusts is far too involved to be more than touched on. He never intended their destruction, but desired to regulate them. His success must not be measured merely by apparent results. His whole public career has been a campaign against corruption and monopoly, and both are still features of American public life. But what Roosevelt has accomplished is the awakening of a public conscience, and when we remember that this was primarily one of his aims we can forgive the redundancy of some of his public utterances. There is no better way to make a truth be-

lieved by the masses than that suggested by Lewis Carroll: "He said it very loud and clear, he went and shouted in my ear." Roosevelt's success as a propagandist has been due to his practice of saying things "very loud and clear." No other method would have aroused that heaviest of sleepers, the American public conscience. I fear this statement will bring down on me the indignation of some good Americans, but the fact is that in no country in the world is there more indifference to public affairs. The movement which took so many appointments out of the sphere of party politics must have deprived a vast number of people of their one shred of public or political interest. Listen to Mr. Dooley: "An American business man is down town in th' mornin' be eight o'clock thyrin' to beat a check to th' bank. He keeps one eye on th' damper and another on th' dure till six, and thin he's homeward bound on a cable car with wan hand on th' strap and another on his watch pocket. Th' only pollytics he's interisted in is who's goin' to be illicted asissor, an' how much, an' when he wants to know who's Secrety of State, he asks th' typewriter who's just out of colledge and has time to know these gr-reat facts!"

To certain men, said Roosevelt, "trade and property are far more sacred than life and honor, of far more consequence than the great thoughts and lofty emotions. . . . Their ideal unites the imagination of a greengrocer with the heart of a Bengalee baboo." And an altogether different type of man, Professor Eliot, says: "We no longer dread abuse of the power of State or Church; we do dread abuse of the powers of compact bodies of men, highly organized and consenting to be despotically ruled, for the advancement of their selfish interests. . . . It is a great misfortune for our country, and especially for our

rich men, that the modern forms of property—stocks, bonds, mortgages, city buildings—do not carry with them any inevitable responsibilities to the State." Out of such material it is difficult to create an efficient public conscience; but Roosevelt has never ceased to preach what he practised himself—the gospel of true citizenship in work for the State. He has been heard. The leaven is working. Americans are beginning to feel ashamed that in the race for wealth they have allowed the government of their country to slide into hands often unworthy.

The last, but by no means the least, of the tasks into which Roosevelt has thrown himself has been the conservation and utilization of natural resources, and their protection from private exploitation. The extravagance with which these great natural assets have been squandered by previous generations is absolutely appalling. The "land skinner" has ruthlessly denuded district after district, and it is not the use only but the absolute waste of timber which has been so prodigal. No less than 20,000,000 acres of young growth are burned over annually, and enough timber is destroyed by fire every year to last the nation for three months. Even without loss from forest fires, the consumption is three and a half times the yearly growth. The report of the National Conservation Commission declares that, whereas three generations ago American forest covered an area of 1,000,000 square miles, there is not now enough timber to last out the present generation. Coal and oil are not merely exploited but are wasted in an equally reckless manner, and every year millions of tons of valuable soil are carried off by the rivers to the sea—very largely as a result of deforestation. It is estimated that at the present rate of consumption the supply of iron will be exhausted in

forty years, while anthracite coal will probably give out in half that time. Apart from the actual waste by the "land skinner," great abuses have arisen in the circumvention of the land laws, which have permitted enormous and valuable areas to be tied up by land speculators, or to fall into the hands of monopolists. Roosevelt has constantly drawn attention to Alaska and the need of good land laws there—a territory of great size and varied resources, well fitted to support a large, permanent population, where the policy ought to be not exploitation by corporations or syndicates but the building up of homes. He has pointed out that the virgin forests and fisheries and the vast mineral wealth (especially coal lands) want protection, and the similarity of conditions with Norway, Sweden, and Finland.

Then there is the question of reclamation. Already, despite the huge area at her disposal, the United States has begun to send out emigrants, who are going over the border to Canada. By irrigation, large areas of land, hitherto deemed deserts, are now to be reclaimed. In Nevada, where there is a stretch of forty miles without a drop of water, the pioneers who fell by the way and were buried in this thirsty land were actually within a few feet of what might have saved them. There is underground water which can be brought to the surface by artesian wells, and it is expected that nearly 2,000,000 acres of hitherto desert land in Nevada can thus be brought under cultivation. In this land, called by someone "the land that God forgot," it has been said that "Everything that grows is covered with a thorn, everything that crawls is deadly. . . . In this strange region they dig for wood and climb for water, for the water is found in cup-shaped pools in the hills, and the wood is the big root of the mesquite." There is a little town in this

region called Roosevelt, inhabited by people who are building a big dam, which is to hold up the water which, carried in canals, is to turn this desert into a green and fertile land. Roosevelt's contribution to the schemes for saving and replacing forests, for conserving coal and oil, for reclaiming the "bad lands," and for a more thrifty use, generally, for the national resources, has been, first and foremost, the driving power which has enabled him to link up scientific research with practical administrative work. He had to meet opposition from many vested interests, and a vast number of other difficulties. The United States Government, having plenty of money, has always been rather prodigal of bureaux. There are bureaux for everything. Roosevelt has co-ordinated their work and given it a practical turn. He has initiated fresh bureaux too, especially the Department of Commerce and Agriculture, which was badly needed.

Here we arrive at one of the secrets of his success and of his popularity. He is a born administrator. He has also had extraordinary experience, not in one but in half a dozen branches of administration, and he has always put in a record amount of work. But he has the born administrator's faculty for getting through a vast amount of work without fuss or hurry, because he is methodical and orderly. He began from the first by disregarding red tape, and insisting on short cuts of every kind. In a way that is a disadvantage. It leads to the "one-man show." Too many of the threads are held in one hand or carried in one head. But the born administrator is like that. He cannot always train others. The day's work of a President of the United States is complicated by the time which, although he can ill spare it from more important work, he must spend in the routine of receiving visitors and answering their requests in person.

Roosevelt stood this *corvée* with a patience really remarkable in a man not naturally patient, and with a never-failing cordiality. As a matter of fact, the saving gift of humor probably took the edge off many a weary interview. Roosevelt has been charged with an undemocratic love of show and ceremony at the White House, and with a departure from the ready accessibility of former Presidents. But his chief offence was his not being always ready to receive the representatives of the Press—a deadly offence. Too great intimacy with reporters in America is a dangerous pastime. In any case, no man is more accessible to people who have anything from whom he can learn, especially men who have done anything.

That Roosevelt has made mistakes his most enlogistic biographers will never deny. Some of them are inclined to class in this category the Booker Washington incident. It will be remembered that the South was roused to bitter indignation one morning by reading in its papers that the eminent negro had been entertained at dinner at the White House. It may be mentioned that this honor was not of his seeking, and that it was only in the ordinary course of official procedure that the news was chronicled. The conclusions drawn were extravagant. The President was accused of attacking the whole theory of race predominance in the South, of wrecking the white supremacy, and so forth. In the words of Mr. Dooley: "Thousands iv men who wudden't have voted f'r him under no circumstances declared that under no circumstances wud they now vote for him." On the other hand, subsequent events disappointed the negroes in the hopes they had formed as to the President's friendliness. The truth is that the situation between black and white is not one to be solved by the cut and thrust Rooseveltian scheme of

ethics. Theoretically, Roosevelt had declared he would appoint men, white or black, on merit alone—the best man for the job—and he actually did make some appointments which caused great excitement among the Southerners. To Clark Howell, of Atlanta, he wrote at the time: "I cannot treat mere color as a permanent bar to holding any office—any more than creed or birth-place"; and to another friend at Charleston: "I do not intend to appoint any unfit men to office." Practically, however, he was bound to admit that an official whose appointment will cause offence and heart-burning to the most influential people of the district in which he is to labor will be so seriously handicapped that, merit apart, it is doubtful whether he can be "the best man for the job." The problem that confronts every thoughtful American has not been settled satisfactorily by Roosevelt—how to give justice to the black man without giving him a position of equality with the white, which the latter would rather die than concede. As a contribution to the solution of this problem, the entertainment of Booker Washington to dinner at the White House—the official residence of the man who is the chosen ruler (that is, servant) of the whole American nation—was more than a failure, because it accentuated the unhappy relations between the two sections of the nation.

Spelling reform is another of Roosevelt's mistakes—a very trivial one, but in political life venial blunders are often more heavily punished than actual crimes. Roosevelt pays the penalty of his mental alertness by an occasional lack of discrimination. He has a way, says an American paper which does not admire him, of "slapping the public on the back with a 'bright' idea." The evolution of his thoughts is described as "surge of feeling—personal conviction—public policy"; and the same critic declares that, in his speeches, as

in his conversation, he says anything that pops into his head; and drops an idea as quickly as it is taken up. These criticisms may have some surface justification, but a study of Roosevelt's speeches and actions shows that he has steadily adhered to certain basic ideas, and has pursued certain aims with unflagging zest and zeal. If he has sometimes turned aside after lesser aims, it has been only the aberration of a moment. Fortunately for him his popularity rests on a foundation of solid work for the people, and ridicule, most fatal of weapons in public life, although turned against him by some critics, has not been able to pierce his armor.

As to the social life at the White House, in which a never-ending stream of rather informal entertaining seemed to be the rule, it has been conjectured that almost any kind of a crowd would be preferred by Mr. Roosevelt to solitude. When alone—if that can ever be—he is said to plunge at once into conversation with an author. His reading is practically universal, and he has Cecil Rhodes's gift for digging the heart out of a book. An American biographer of his has hazarded the conjecture that he finds a one-sided conversation, even with an author, unsatisfactory. I remember that, even with the Atlantic between us, he could not read one of my books without dashing off first one and then another letter to me, pointing out what he believed to be misconceptions on my part. "You haven't got it quite right on page so-and-so. I wish you'd call round and see Taft." That sort of a reader is a treat to any author.

It is undoubtedly the catholicity of his taste in reading which has given Roosevelt a far better grip of world affairs than has been usual with American politicians of the last generation. He had, during a great part of his administration, a Secretary of State in John

Hay, a cosmopolitan in experience and knowledge, and to Hay's influence a certain amount of Roosevelt's world policy may be traced. But he must have full credit for perceiving and insisting that the United States must have a world policy, that as a world Power she could not evade obligations. Nevertheless, I do not think Roosevelt is a master of statecraft. This is his theory of foreign policy: "Not to boast, not to insult anyone, but make up our minds what is necessary to say, say it, and then stand to it, whatever the consequences may be. Don't draw unless you mean to shoot." That seems to me common sense, but it is certainly not diplomacy, and if it were statecraft, then statecraft would cease to be a science, or even an art, and become a mere matter of yea or nay! Roosevelt on the Monroe Doctrine is equally refreshing. Many Americans still regard the Monroe Doctrine as a sort of magic spell. Roosevelt says it is not even international law, though it ought to be. He believes in it, but only with a "Big Stick" behind it. "I believe in the Monroe Doctrine with all my heart and soul, but I would infinitely prefer to see us abandon it than to see us put it forward and bluster about it, and yet fail to build up the efficient fighting strength which in the last resort can alone make it respected by any strong foreign Power whose interest it may ever happen to be to violate it."

In the past twelve years—since the Spanish war—the United States has gone far as a world Power. Stepping-stones have been laid down across the Pacific; the export trade to the Far East has been expanded to about £30,000,000; a foreign campaign (in China) has been participated in; a leading part in Far Eastern politics has been played; and finally, but certainly not lastly, the Panama Canal, talked about since the days of Gomara (in 1551), has been put in hand. Energetic action has been

moreover, taken elsewhere—in Turkey and Morocco, for instance. Roosevelt recognized the altering conditions of the world, and set to work to prepare for contingencies. He pushed forward the work on the Canal, placed rivers and harbors under the control of the engineer corps, worked away at the navy, and sent the fleet on the famous voyage. It was a much needed object lesson to his country—opulent, self-confident, with an enormous coast-line to defend—as to the need of preparing defence, and a warning to the outside world. The gospel of the "Big Stick" has really made an impression. The navy, for which Roosevelt has always worked so strenuously, is now actually in being and will continue to grow. There are even to be found Americans who profess to be not at all satisfied with their military defences, and who ask why any continent should expect to be immune from the experiences of war and invasion to which all in the past have been subjected. It is true, of course, that to be well prepared for war is the best way to avert it, but one cannot help smiling a little at the spectacle of the exponent of the "Big Stick" policy receiving the Nobel Peace prize!

These are the things for which Theodore Roosevelt has worked—a purer public and political life, a healthy citizenship, the conservation of natural resources at home, and the upholding of national prestige abroad; an arm of defence adequate to the interests to be defended, and a sane adjustment of the relations between class and class—internal reform, external development. It must not be imagined that, in pursuit of these lofty yet practical aims, he has acted like a Bayard any more than a Don Quixote. His devotion to honesty is probably quite as materialistic as ethical—it is really the best policy. He has had to learn the lesson taught to all successful politicians—to conjugate the

accursed word "compromise" in all its moods and tenses—only, having made his reputation on a no-compromise platform, he has enjoyed the luxury of telling the whole truth oftener than most people. I have denied that he is specially gifted by nature with the faculties that make a great statesman, and yet his actions have often showed foresight. The secret is that he has imagination and the gift of using other people's brains. Many cleverer men fail here. He has the courage, too, to act when he has been advised, and courage is nine-tenths of the battle in a democracy. Many men in this country know what it is to bring their little quota of knowledge, often painfully culled, to some great personage, only to be told: "My dear Mr. So-and-So, what you say is perfectly true, but how could I tell

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the country that?" The truth is, our leaders wait to take their lead from the country—Roosevelt has never feared to lead.

I have said, or implied, that the ex-President of the United States is not a constructive statesman of the type, for instance, of Alexander Hamilton, but when he and the Emperor William meet in Berlin, two of the greatest and most interesting men of this generation will be face to face. I have always thought there is a strong likeness between them. Both are *semper juvenilis*, both have a touch of the Admirable Crichton, both have built navies, both would rather talk than—sit silent! In their intense patriotism, their restless energy, and their love of outdoor life, combined with habits of application to indoor duties, they have much in common.

Archibald R. Colquhoun.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

No American of our times has touched the imagination of Europe in anything like the same degree as Mr. Roosevelt. The type of President and of statesman evolved by the monstrous mechanism of American politics may have many virtues; but the virtue of attracting and interesting foreigners is not among them. Only one American President in the whole course of the nineteenth century reached the level of real greatness. That nation, no doubt, is to be congratulated which can produce, even once in a hundred years, an Abraham Lincoln; and there is possibly a quality of artistic finish in the mere flatness that directs and concentrates one's gaze on the nobility of that lonely, towering figure. But the flatness itself is undeniable. The Madisons, Monroes, Jacksons, Van Burens, Tylers, Polks, Taylors, Fillmores, Pierces, and Buchanans of the pre-Lincoln period, the Garfields, Arthurs,

Clevelands, Harrisons, and McKinleys of our own generation, what possible meaning or message have they, or could they ever have had, for the non-American world? Who would even remember their very names apart from the great office they so inexplicably filled? A succession of provincial and uninspiring mediocrities, singularly deficient in the graces either of accomplishment or personality, elected in a tumult of partisan ardor, spending most of their Presidential term in furious factional fights, and forgotten or at any rate shelved by their countrymen the moment they quitted the White House—such have been the characteristics and the destiny of eight American Presidents out of every ten.

But in Mr. Roosevelt's case matters from the outset took a very different turn. He was known both to America and to Europe before he became President, but the dramatic circumstances of

his accession to the chief magistracy, the resounding vigor with which he discharged its duties, the breadth of the policies he formulated, and the evidence furnished by his every deed and word that a real leader of men had arisen beyond the Atlantic, quickly made him one of the most prominent and spectacular figures on the stage of *Welt-politik*. In England the force of his attractiveness was especially felt. He belongs by education, birth, and tastes to the type that Englishmen on the whole most like to represent them in the public life of the nation—a type that in America used to be moderately common sixty or seventy years ago, before the coming of the Boss, and when merit in a Presidential candidate was considered of more importance than “availability.” Long before he became President we knew of him as a mighty hunter and a good all-round sportsman. We watched him in Cuba doing all the brilliant, reckless, and quixotic things that attract the applause of the populace. We watched him again in the Governorship of New York State, bending the “machine” to his will with consummate ability and courage. We knew that he was a Varsity man, with a good lineage behind him, a gentleman both in the right and in the technical sense, and a man of independent means. We felt, in short, an affinity with Mr. Roosevelt, an affinity we have felt with not more than two or three American politicians in the past thirty years. It is curious, considering the many points of resemblance in the social and political structure of the two peoples, how rarely one can conceive a man of prominence in English affairs rising to equal prominence in American affairs, or a successful politician in America proving equally successful under British conditions. Such cases do occur from time to time but only very occasionally. One could easily, for instance, have imagined Mr. Chamberlain

becoming an American Boss of the first magnitude and climbing by a series of dexterously rigged Conventions to the Presidency itself. Mr. Root, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and Mr. Choate are similar examples from the other side. One could picture them transplanting themselves to England and taking an effective part in English public life just as they are and without finding its atmosphere oppressively uncongenial. But in general neither Englishmen nor Americans feel any temptation to annex each other's statesmen. Mr. Roosevelt, however, in this as in most ways is a signal exception. Every nation would be glad to reckon him among its assets if it could. At the bottom of the extraordinary enthusiasm of the welcome that has everywhere greeted him on the Continent, a welcome that will reach its culmination when he lands in England, is the consciousness that every country in Europe needs a Roosevelt of its own. “If only we had some one like him!” is the thought behind the attentions that have been showered upon him. And the thought is echoed nowhere more responsively than in England. People here feel that they would know what to do with Mr. Roosevelt, and I dare say Mr. Roosevelt feels he would know what to do with them. If he were an Englishman, he would have explored every inch of the Empire, shot all the big game to be found in it, won his blue at Oxford or Cambridge, kept a pack of hounds, written some slashing books on Wellington and Nelson and the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, captured De Wet, annexed an Empire or two, and left an indelible mark on the politics of the nation as a Premier of a Progressive Conservative Ministry. As it is we have to roll half a dozen Englishmen together to get Mr. Roosevelt's full measure. Take Mr. F. C. Selous, the big-game hunter, add Dr. Fitchett, the semi-historian, add again the breeziness

of Lord Charles Beresford, who might be at least half a Roosevelt himself if he were not an Irishman, add again Lord Curzon's instinct for domination and his superb self-confidence, mingle with something more than a dash of Lord Kitchener's remorseless efficiency, throw in at least as much decisiveness, practicality, and belligerency as Mr. Chamberlain has ever commanded, and, finally, leaven the resultant with an ardor Gladstonian in its intensity—and you have a combination not by any means unlike the ex-President.

It sounds paradoxical to assert, after this, that Mr. Roosevelt is in many respects an ordinary man. Yet such at bottom is the fact. He is a man of ordinary endowments extraordinarily developed. So far from being a genius he is a proof of how little genius has to do with an infinite capacity for taking pains. I remember some four years ago when I was spending an hour with him in the White House the conversation turned for a moment on this very point. Some New York journal of hypercritical bent had been complaining that he was not a genius. "I know I am not a genius," rapped out the President; and then, turning squarely towards me, he asked, "By-the-by, wasn't it you, or was it some other Englishman, who said that a pork-butcher could understand me?" It was a wholesomely embarrassing moment. My mind travelled backwards over the various indiscretions I had been guilty of, the innumerable things I might have said differently, in the course of twelve years of writing on American politics and politicians. It lighted finally on some such dictum. I owned up. "Because," said the President, "I want to tell you you were absolutely right!" Well, I am not quite sure to-day that I was so "absolutely right" as Mr. Roosevelt believed. I have rather worked round to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt is slightly more com-

plex than he is aware of and that it needs a somewhat more elastic kind of mind than one usually associates with a pork-butcher to understand him thoroughly. But the characterization had perhaps this amount of truth in it, that Mr. Roosevelt being fundamentally a healthily unoriginal and elementary man, direct in all his actions, in his character and instincts, and particularly in his mental processes, the simplest and most obvious explanation of him is all but invariably the right one.

The ex-President himself holds firmly and sincerely to the notion that he is essentially a commonplace person and that almost anybody who chose could be what he is and do what he has done. In a letter which has not, I think, been published in England, he elaborated this theory with ingenuous force. He was dealing more particularly with his achievements as a sportsman. "Personally, as you know," he wrote "I am not really good at any games. Perhaps in my time I came nearer to being fairly good as a walker, rider and rifle-shot than in any other way; but I was never more than an average good man even in these three respects. Whatever success I have had in game-hunting—and it has been by no means noteworthy—has been due, as well as I can make out, to three causes: first, common sense and good judgment; second, perseverance, which is the only way of allowing one to make good one's own blunders; third, the fact that I shot as well at game as at a target. . . . Now, of course, the possession and practice of these three qualities did not make me by any means as successful a hunter as the men who, in addition to possessing them, were also better shots than I was, or who had greater power of endurance, or who were more skilled in plaincraft and woodcraft. But they did enable me to kill a reasonable quantity of big game and to do it in

ways that have made my observations of value to the faunal or outdoor naturalist. Besides, I knew what I wanted, and was willing to work hard to get it. In short, I am not an athlete; I am simply a good, ordinary, out-of-doors man. You speak of my recent hundred-mile ride. Now this was no feat for any young man in condition to regard as worth speaking about; twice out in the cattle-country, on the round-up, when I was young, I have myself spent thirty-six hours in the saddle, merely dismounting to eat or change horses; the hundred-mile ride represented what any elderly man in fair trim can do if he chooses. In the summer I often take the smaller boys for what they call a night picnic on the Sound; we row off eight or ten miles, camp out, and row back in the morning. Each of us has a light blanket to sleep in, and the boys are sufficiently deluded to believe that the chicken or beef-steak I fry in bacon fat on these expeditions has a flavor impossible elsewhere to be obtained. Now these expeditions represent just about the kind of thing I do. Instead of rowing, it may be riding or chopping, or walking, or playing tennis, or shooting at a target. But it is always a pastime which any healthy middle-aged man fond of outdoor life, but not an athlete, can indulge in if he chooses."

All this, as it stands, is sufficiently revealing, but Mr. Roosevelt went on as he usually does, to place the interpretation of it beyond dispute. "I think," he said, "my last sentence covers the whole case—that is, when I say 'if he chooses.' It has always seemed to me that in life there are two ways of achieving success, or, for the matter of that, of achieving what is commonly called greatness. One is to do that which can only be done by the man of exceptional and extraordinary abilities. Of course this means that

only this one man can do it, and it is a very rare kind of success or of greatness. The other is to do that which many men could do, but which, as a matter of fact, none of them actually does. This is the ordinary kind of success or kind of greatness. Nobody but one of the world's rare geniuses could have written the Gettysburg speech, or the Second Inaugural, or met as Lincoln met the awful crises of the Civil War. But most of us can do the ordinary things, which, however, most of us do *not* do. My own successes have come within this second category. Any fairly hardy and healthy man can do what I have done in hunting and ranching if he only really wishes to, and will take the pains and trouble, and at the same time use common sense. Any one that chose could lead the kind of life I have led, and any one who had led that life could if he chose—and by 'choosing,' I mean, of course, choosing to exercise in advance the requisite industry, judgment, and foresight, none of them to an extraordinary degree—have raised my regiment or served in positions analogous to those in which I have served in civil life."

Mr. Roosevelt, in a word, has done what so few of us are at pains to do—he has made the most and the best of himself. Hardly anything is more humiliating for the average man than to contemplate the many points at which he has permitted himself to lose touch with life, the powers and faculties he has allowed to become atrophied, the manifold interests and avocations he has dabbled in and then laid aside, the learning he might so easily have amassed, the instincts and aptitudes he has neglected to cultivate. No doubt Mr. Roosevelt in the watches of the night can charge himself, like the rest of us, with many such sins of omission and commission; but to the onlooking eye they seem amazingly few and triv-

ial. More than any man I have ever encountered or ever expect to encounter he has developed his tastes and capacities harmoniously and continuously, never letting go when he had once taken hold, always adding something to his stock of knowledge and experience, fronting the problems and events of each day with an eager, acquisitive, and impetuous mind, pouring himself with a perpetually fresh and gathered vehemence into the theme of the moment, not ceasing to be a wide reader because he had become President or sinking the naturalist in the soldier or allowing the official to shoulder out the sportsman or sacrificing the man of letters to the politician, but preserving along the whole frontier of his nature a just and progressive balance. It is not in itself remarkable that a man, even one whose working day since he left college can hardly have averaged less than fifteen or sixteen hours, should have kept up his classics and his French and German. It is not remarkable that a statesman holding high office and dedicated to "the strenuous life" should turn aside and devote his odd moments of comparative leisure to writing a *Life of Cromwell*. It is not remarkable that a veteran big-game hunter should be a diligent and observant naturalist, able at any moment to compare the relative sizes of European and American mammals and to give his reasons for exalting the song of the hermit-thrush above that of the nightingale. It is not remarkable that a man should be a first-class rider, walker, and rifle-shot, and able also to hold his own at wrestling, on the tennis court, with the foils, and as a boxer. What is remarkable is that these various interests, accomplishments and aptitudes should meet in a single individual and that each should contribute to the sum-total of his life its proper, and no more than its proper, quota.

By its proper quota I mean the quota

that a rational man would assign to it. The torrential vigor which Mr. Roosevelt throws into all his pursuits is one of his most obvious characteristics; but hardly less obvious is his insistence that activity must be regulated by reason, by proportion, by a sense of what is feasible. There is no type that irritates him more, no type he has "scored" so mercilessly, as the men of impossible standards and extravagant ideals. The intemperance that overshoots the mark is as intolerable to him as the indifference that does not even trouble to aim, and misguided effort all but as abhorrent as no effort at all. Indeed, I am not sure that the over-civilized, hypercritical mugwump does not rouse him more effectually than even the *jeunesse dorée*. The choicest adjectives of his vocabulary, a vocabulary which if it lacks range and subtlety possess an undeniable sledge-hammer effectiveness, have been reserved, not for the wealthy criminal class but for the arm-chair critics, the "vain prattlers" and "professional impracticables" who think they can reform politics without themselves becoming politicians, the men of good intentions, weak wills, and amiably aimless action. Mr. Roosevelt profoundly believes in preserving the rugged fighting qualities in a man or a nation. He is not afraid to go on record with the statement that a righteous war is the healthiest of all national exercises. He is never tired of extolling the "manly virtues" and of insisting on physical hardihood and courage as one of the essential elements of a sound character. When he reaches England and looks round upon the many agitations of our public and social life I doubt whether he will find anything to appeal to him more directly than the Boy Scout movement, with its admirably wholesome and ingenious ways of developing every virtue and faculty that a boy possesses, of teaching him patriot-

ism and chivalry, of sharpening his powers of observation and deduction, of training him to a life of vigor and cleanliness, and of turning him into an efficient, handy, all-round member of society. With the robust ideals of such a movement he would feel an instantaneous sympathy. "Get out and do things" has been his constant exhortation to the youth of America. But while vehement on the necessity of action as the touchstone of sincerity, he is always careful to add that it must be action in union with judgment. The "Reformers" who think it enough to reiterate the honesty of their intentions, the men who will not admit that compromise is the essence of politics, for all such people he has a contempt only less hearty than for those who refuse to support a big Navy or who turn against their country in time of war. Large families, "My country, right or wrong," personal courage, everybody shouldering the public duties which almost everybody neglects, all classes and interests recognizing their interdependence, the supremacy of the elementary virtues of character over all intellectual and material gifts—it is on such themes as these that Mr. Roosevelt has held forth with inimitable gusto.

His own temperament, though quickly and easily stirred, is essentially Whiggish, content to advance a step at a time, inexorable on vital points, but never tempted to extremes. One could hazard the man from his books or his books from the man. His prose has a hard, confident, metallic texture, with little light or shade playing about it, yet strong in its rush and resonance. I find I cannot with any pleasure read much of it at a time, unless it happens to deal with hunting and outdoor life. One soon exhausts the quality of Mr. Roosevelt's intellectual power. The most individual of men, he is also one of the least original. In all his books and Presidential

messages I cannot recall a single thought that was really novel and illuminating. On the other hand, I can only recall two or three that were absolutely foolish. A dogmatic turn for the common sense of things is the most marked characteristic of his mind. He is eminently sane but it would be flattery to call him deep. He thinks too much in rigid categories and antitheses and expresses himself too much in superlatives to be a winning writer or a subtle thinker. One might perhaps best describe his mind and style by saying that they are as far apart as anything could be from Newman's mind and style. As a talker, copious, ready, animated and humane, he is far more enthralling than as an essayist or a historian. One is too conscious in reading him of the whirl of the "big stick." He moves swiftly and resonantly down the road of clanking commonplace. His mind tolerates no haziness; for him there is a right and a wrong in everything; and he tries too openly to bludgeon his readers into accepting his views. One is not always able to do so. One cannot always agree that the problems of life and politics are quite so clear-edged as Mr. Roosevelt makes them out to be, or that the alternatives he so vividly propounds are altogether exhaustive. Nor can one always bear patiently with his eternal insistence on the eternal verities or listen without something perilously near a yawn while he thumps the cushions of his political pulpit, enunciates the moral platitudes that most people are content to take for granted, and holds forth on wife-beating, race suicide, the obligations of citizenship, the simple life, snobbishness, and kindred topics in a manner thoroughly sound, no doubt, and estimable but also a trifle wearying.

But the man, after all, is greater than his books. "Right thou feelest, rush to do," was Emerson's formula for

"freedom's secret." It is Mr. Roosevelt's too, but less dangerous in him than in most men because of his background of solid Dutch caution and level-headedness. Mere feelings are as little his guide as mere theories. People call him impulsive. It is the charge usually brought by stupidity against the man of quick-moving parts. Mr. Roosevelt makes up his mind at a bound, and the bound, no doubt, is sometimes a hasty one. Being always ruled by what is possible he cares not a rap for consistency, and it is easy to imagine him asserting a proposition with almost ferocious emphasis to-day and retracting or contradicting it to-morrow with equal vehemence. But impulsive in his actions he decidedly is not; and the critics who have charged him from time to time with over-precipitancy have always found that he looked further ahead than they. Practicality and idealism hold in his nature an almost perfect balance. There is nothing more fundamental in him than his transparent incapacity for anything mean, underhand or equivocal. His instincts are all towards whatever is sound, honest and clean. But if his head strikes the stars his feet are on the solid earth. Always reaching, struggling, sometimes rushing forwards, he invariably also keeps in touch with the expediencies, fights furiously for the absolute best, but when he cannot get it, is satisfied with the second best. A score of times he has risked his whole political future rather than yield where he felt yielding to be wrong. Like Mr. Gladstone he is always inflexibly resolved to do the right thing. Like Mr. Gladstone, too, his critics assert that the right thing, by some happy and unvarying chance, is whatever he has resolved to do.

"Better be a poor fisherman than meddle with the governing of men," wailed Danton. Such a dictum would be incomprehensible to Mr. Roosevelt.

His attitude towards "the governing of men" is that of a strong man rejoicing. Leadership with him is an instinct and the hurly-burly of conflict a great gladness; and this stern elation, this personal and irrepressible joy in work, was the driving-power of his whole Presidency. He had seven and a half years of more struggle and contention than fall to most men in a life-time; and he revelled in every fighting minute of them. In a phrase that is already classic, but not yet classical, he announced when he left the White House that he had had "a perfectly corking time." Both the sentiment and the language came straight from the heart. "I like being President," he once said to me with a snap of his emphatic jaw. I happened to be in Washington during one of the most critical crises of his Presidency, at a time when he was being badgered and thwarted almost beyond mortal endurance, when schemes on which his whole heart was set were in momentary peril of wreckage. I heard him on that occasion explode with anger, scorn, and denunciation, belabor his opponents with more than Wellingtonian vigor, and stoke the fires of dissension with reckless audacity. But one could see with half an eye that the outburst was not one of despair but of exhilaration, that it was tonic to him to be in the middle of the fight and hitting his hardest, and that his vehemence, far from arguing weariness or discouragement, was just the natural, pugnacious, elemental man with his back to the wall. Mr. Roosevelt has always been not only belligerent in himself but the cause of belligerency in others. He often, as President, said things which I do not suppose he would justify in cold blood, if indeed his blood is ever cold. He often acted with too little thought for dignity and appearances. He often engaged in personal squabbles that he might better have avoided and accumulated enmities

that added much, no doubt, to his own enjoyment and to the gaiety of the nation but did little permanent good to anybody. Tactfulness, patience, the smaller arts of conciliating and managing men, have never quite consorted with his insistent, dictatorial, almost hectoring temperament, his headlong mind, and the presence in him of a self-confidence so overpowering that it is all but impossible for him to do justice to "the other fellow."

But these, after all, are insignificant blemishes on a Presidency which next to Lincoln's stands out as the most memorable in American history. Mr. Roosevelt's reign was prolific of posi-

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tive achievements, but his best work was work that could not be tabulated. Burke talks somewhere of "a revolution in sentiment, manners, and moral opinions—the most important of all revolutions." It was such a revolution that Mr. Roosevelt wrought. He has affected the instinctive attitude of his countrymen towards life and conduct. Thanks to him, Americans do not do the things they did. They do not even think the thoughts of a decade ago. He has broadened the social conscience of the people; he has altered the current of their ideas. It is, in the end, as a sort of whirlwind of purification that one thinks of him.

Sydney Brooks.

THE LONDON LOAFER.

The London loafer is manufactured either just after the age of fourteen, or at about the age of seventeen. I am acquainted with towns where he is more conspicuous than in London, and this seems to be due to the fact that in certain places the docks are handier; the loafer's nearest desire to manual labor being that he should be allowed to fetch and carry (and indeed he possesses no sort of ability for any other occupation), he is compelled in London to go to the wharves near the Tower Bridge on the Surrey side, or farther away to Canning Town. London misses something of the picturesque by reason of the remoteness of docks; it also, to some extent, loses sight of the loafer, and London, no doubt thankful for this, runs the risk thereby of discrediting his existence. In Lime Street, Liverpool, and in Argyle Street, Glasgow, he goes about in parties of half a dozen, constituting a persistent reminder; in favor of the provincial it ought to be said that he is a better type than the Londoner. He has the appearance of recent employment; he

looks fairly hopeful of obtaining work again, and, strictly speaking, the title seems a loose one to confer upon him, and perhaps not just. In London you find the true loafer; the man who has thoroughly acquired the art of sauntering, and, assuming an air of discontent, nevertheless secretly has a great affection for the life. It does not require a considerable flight of imagination to guess at the pleasures. There are no strict hours of duty; apart from the police, no foremen or overseers; exhaustion from physical labor is not experienced; little need for concentration of the mind; it is by no means imperative that care be given to costume or general appearance. But for the fact that certain discomforts of the profession frighten us, we should all be joining late to-morrow morning.

It would be useful in considering the subject if I were able to give a financial report; I may as well admit at once that I am not in a position to furnish this. In many cases of my acquaintance the loafer has a wife who works, works hard and through long hours,

and here his source of income is apparent, exciting no curiosity. But there are a quantity of instances where, so far as I can gather, no income whatever arrives, and yet the man is able to go on living; he obtains drink, food and tobacco and he sometimes talks of backing horses. I have endeavored several times to be allowed to audit his accounts, to go through his books, and no sort of success has attended my efforts. Answering inquiries, he says that he manages to rub along, that there is always a chance of running across a stroke of luck, that now and then an odd job crops up. The only odd job I have seen him perform is that of looking after a horse and cab, and accepting for the service the sum of one penny; this occupation has, I assume, been affected by the presence of the taxicab, which has its eccentricities but is not liable to take fright and run away. If he does obtain a few coppers, he disburses them at once, and he spends them exclusively on himself. Friends may sometimes treat him to refreshment, but I take it that this form of generosity expects to be reciprocated, and certainly he never treats back. He talks wistfully of a regular job of work, and I have frequently looked on whilst well-intentioned folk obtained one for him (sometimes, in order to make room, displacing an industrious person), and I rarely see him remain faithful to a task for more than a couple of days; he has a large bouquet of excuses from which he can make a selection. Outdoor life, the walking exercise insisted upon by the Metropolitan Police, and spare feeding keep him, as a rule, in good health, and you will seldom find him in the hospitals. Also, you are unlikely to encounter him in the prisons. He does not thieve, because this would necessitate an adroitness and an ingenuity altogether foreign to his nature. In the London thief, I confess, I find a good deal to admire; he engages on a duel

wherein the opposite forces are as disproportionate as those which face a bull in the ring on Sunday afternoons at Seville, and if he triumphs, the moments must be golden in more senses than one. He has to watch his personal fitness; his mind must be kept correctly wound up. It is a good deal like wicket-keeping. He must be on the alert for a considerable space until opportunity comes; when it does arrive, when the owner of property steps incautiously beyond the crease, the occasion has to be snatched. (Moreover, about the London criminal short stories can be written and printed and read; you can do nothing in this respect with the London loafer, a fact that, perhaps, accounts in part for a tone of acerbity in this article.)

It is customary to speak of the loafer as belonging to the "born treds," but this is an exaggeration. As a baby he, escaping the dangerous first year when so many in the neighborhood send in their resignation, kicked and cooed and punched with great industry. During school-days he exhibited no special signs of being what is called a slacker. Never conspicuous in ability, he all the same went through the nine years of State education without notable disaster; found himself drilled by the necessity of arriving at nine on five mornings of the week, leaving at twelve, returning at two o'clock, and leaving again at half-past four. And although he acquired during those years a large quantity of information that, useful to him if he had intended to become a teacher or a clerk, was perfectly useless in the circumstances, yet all this exercised his mind and kept it busy, and made it accustomed to the habit of moving. He frequently felt a resentment against the preciseness of rules, and the strict ordering by the State, but it consoled him to observe he was not singled out for special treatment, that his colleagues and contemporaries were

similarly called upon to endure. You will observe that the State—which now does show an inclination to give variety of treatment—made no effort to teach him a trade, gave him no hints in regard to an occupation to be followed after leaving school. It said:

Look here, my lad. The country seems to think that you ought, up to the age of fourteen, to be prepared so that you may become a worthy member of society. It feels this so strongly that it is willing to pay in London alone over five millions of pounds. Therefore, we are teaching you to add figures, subtract them, multiply them. You are to remember the names of countries, their capitals and rivers. You must write a good, round, legible hand. You will learn much that has happened in your country in the past, and you will be able to read, and inform yourself concerning current events. You will be able to recite the principal exports of Peru.

The plan adopted suits a good many lads, but it helps very little the boy we are considering. He leaves school with one clear determination in his head, namely to throw overboard, as jetsam, nearly all the information that has been laboriously packed into his brain, and to be careful never again to take on board unnecessary cargo. Free of school, he starts with appetite on the first long holiday he has enjoyed for some years. His parents (much younger in intelligence than he is) agree that there can be no harm in allowing him to look about for a while; they have not decided on the occupation to which he will be placed, and they find a number of maxims to support a policy of leisureliness. "Look before you leap" is one of the most comforting, and "More haste, less speed" proves useful. To many of us it seems a pity that Rome was not, by some means, built in a day; the fact that the task occupied a longer period has justified the London

parent on many occasions in adopting a deliberate method, and a trick of postponing action. Thus the lad discovers himself permitted to taste the joys of loafing, and he relishes it luxuriously. There is so much to do in London for one who wishes to do nothing. The town offers a perpetual entertainment. But to reach the main roads and there is everybody taking an enormous amount of trouble to interest and amuse, without insisting for a moment that one should take part; possession of money would help, but money is by no means indispensable. Our lad enjoys every moment of the new days from the hour of ten minutes to nine, when he gives himself the keen pleasure of watching boys racing towards the schools and shouting directions to hurry up. London is admirably stage-managed for the small boy; comedy and tragedy, musical farces and melodrama, all are there. Think of the sport our lad, at this time, experiences in watching the trams start, detecting the moment when the conductor goes up steps to collect fares; snatching thereupon the wild bliss of travelling for a brief space without paying, with the fascinating risk of receiving a clump on the head if the look-out should fail, and the conductor be a man of swift movement. Imagine the luck of being near the fire-station when a call comes, and seeing the rapid turn-out of impatient brass and copper fire engines, scarlet lanky fire escape, and think of the pleasures of the chase that come in the mad rush after this galloping procession. Conceive the mysterious delight of joining the queue outside the music hall for the first house, listening to conversation between neighbors regarding the coming performance, offering your own views as obtained from careful survey of the illustrated posters, conveying by thumbs up that Harriet So-and-so is first-class, and by another gesture that

Charley What's-his-name belongs to the third; move up with the queue, and at the door slip aside on some excuse, and, allowing the rest to go in, stroll away; why, it is almost as good as really going to see the performance! Think of the fearful joy of being nearly run over by motor omnibuses, of chaffing drivers of four-wheelers whom Nature has endowed, or their own efforts invested, with red noses; looking in at auction-rooms and making bids for suites of furniture in affected voices; stopping portly gentlemen and subjecting them to the inconvenience of ascertaining and announcing the time; firing raillery at some serious youth on the treadmill of a tradesman's cycle cart; slipping in at a railway station to play at trains until some official, having control over the toys, orders immediate withdrawal—I tell you, life for a London boy with his hours free is not wanting in incident. The defect is that it happens to be extremely bad for the boy. You will recollect that our lad has not obtained a separation order from activity; he possesses youthful spirits, has no objection at present to celerity and to movement. Venturing outside the restricted space that has hitherto for him represented town, he looks around the West End and makes mental note of the fact that a large number of folk go through life there without giving themselves the inconvenience of working for a livelihood; not complaining of his own lot, he does regard these with envy, for theirs seems to him an ideal existence; he returns wishing very much that the age of miracles was not past, and at home mentions his willingness to change places with one of them. The circumstance that he is, in the opinion of his father and mother, beginning to talk nonsense arouses these parents to a sense of duty, and they declare, with all the energy of tardily awakened people, that a berth must be found for him,

and found for him at once. He becomes a van-boy.

Seven shillings a week is, according to the parents, better than nothing; far better, according to them, than setting him to some definite trade where, earning scarcely anything at first, he would later become a qualified workman in receipt of a steady, regular wage. The parents look at the matter from what they call the common-sense point of view (which is always the exact point of view of the parties using the phrase), and they argue in this fashion: the boy may, as they know, be thrown out of the occupation chosen for him when he reaches the age of seventeen; this has happened too many times to be ignored. Ten shillings will be the maximum weekly salary, and on an application being made for an increase, out the lad will go. Of this the parents are perfectly well aware; they see the prospect clearly. But at the age of seventeen the lad, whatever his position, will be detaching himself from the home, walking out with a girl, thinking of married life, and obviously it is to their interest that he should begin to earn good money and contribute that good money, or most of it, to the household income. The boy himself, not greatly in favor of adopting any occupation, perceives that the plan suggested has fewer drawbacks than many others. He is, in fact, perfectly content with the early weeks of the job. An easy-going colleague at the other end of the van, pleasant carriage exercise throughout the day, opportunities for seeing town and the practice of repartee with other drivers and boys. He finds that to take one's part in ordinary conversation it is necessary to know what is running in the "three-thirty" race on the morrow, to acquire some knowledge concerning previous triumphs or failures of the horses, to be able to say with emphasis and decision that Forked Lightning cannot possibly lose. An attractive

game this (supposing you have a taste for it), and by common consent false prophets are rarely derided. Should they stumble into accuracy in making anticipations, then glory and applause are awarded to them, they are credited with a keenness of foresight high above the ordinary, and regarded with the esteem given to those who can read sealed books. If you encounter a man in town wearing a look of perfect complacency, who has the appearance of being exactly what he wants to be, with no suggestion of self-criticism, then you need not trouble to guess whether he has written the finest work of the year or secured the one lady desired by all others: it means that he has spotted a winner. Our lad takes a share in the game, and comes to see how important it is, how wonderful. Generally, of course, the investors lose, but now and again comes information concerning someone who had "brought it off," and one victory compensates for any number of defeats. Besides, here is a means of procuring money without the prefaced trouble of work. For myself, I can never see why, when other classes are allowed to speculate with the help of an agent in Austin Friars, the hard-up folk should be denied the assistance of a bookmaker in Hermes Street, Pentonville Hill. It happens that I do not possess the desire, either in regard to the Cape Horn Industrials Combination, Ltd., or next Saturday's racing at Kempton, but I recognize that the anxiety to back a fancy is not restricted by geographical boundaries, and I feel that something bearing a close resemblance to injustice is at present being done. To speculate is a widely spread desire. I have heard that the excellent police, in arresting someone who has made himself too conspicuous by accepting slips of paper and sums of money in the public streets, not infrequently arrange a bet with their charge on the question of the punishment he will receive.

Here, at any rate, is the lad, mixing day by day with scarcely the most energetic of the world's workers, finding indeed that the man most esteemed by his fellows is he who contrives by artfulness to do the least for wages received. He discovers next to nothing in the shape of ambition. His seniors, having obtained control of a horse and van, speak rarely of any intention of gaining a position where their salary will be larger, their responsibilities increased. It would have been possible for him to have been better placed in this respect. If, for instance he had been so fortunate as to join the staff of a railway, apart from the important fact of wearing a suit with brass buttons (nothing to be compared with brass buttons for making a lad keep his shoulders back and chin out), all the talk around him would be of promotion; colleagues frequently asking advice in regard to spelling that they might make out applications for possible vacancies; increased attention to duty when any of these opportunities became imminent. In the circumstances that do surround him he encounters nothing of this, and, youth being above all things imitative, he takes the color worn by those near. What his character requires at this age of sixteen is just what it does not receive. He needs drill, constant supervision, regular habits. He should be learning to do a full and complete day's work; he ought to be acquiring method and strict obedience. I do not wonder that some of those who take up the almost hopeless task of dealing with him later on should express themselves clearly and frankly in favor of conscription. Army training, not infrequently, certainly does make a man out of unpromising materials. Employers sometimes mention that the ex-soldier is lacking in initiative, but they admit he does what he is told to do and that he is always at hand when wanted. Our lad, having evening hours to spare

and nothing in particular to fill them, either joins a band of youths that goes about searching for trouble and finding it, impelled by a craving to defy authority and with something of the spirit of revolutionaries, or—and this happens more frequently—he finds a girl whose company proves agreeable. Now comes the junction in the journey of his life. The mutual admiration expressed in the course of his walking out induces him to believe that some greater and more generously paid position than that of a van-boy should be provided for him. He has but to mention this to receive the answer that it will be convenient if he terminates the engagement on the following Saturday.

You will see that during these years he has received no useful preparation for joining in a race where the prizes go to the swiftest; indeed, the period elapsing since school has served to handicap him severely. Nobody wants a lad whose principal recommendation is that he has enjoyed the comparative freedom of van life; he himself is not disposed to enter upon any career which demands close attention, ordinary discipline. Wherefore, after enduring the number of repulses he considers sufficient, he selects his regiment and enlists in the army of loafers. The corps exist nearly all over London, some stronger than others, and he can, if he will, transfer himself without elaborate formalities. He will before this hang about outside railway stations—being without money and wishful to obtain some—pressing his services on arriving passengers who do not require them, and this, constituting his last serious effort to earn an income, is stopped by officials who regard him as too intrusive. Thereafter he loafs, and his considerable pleasure in this occupation is that of watching other men work; here he never approaches the point of satiety. A road up, an asphalt pavement laid down, a

house taken to pieces, an iron safe craned to a high window, furniture removing—he can look on at all of these for hours together. Also public meetings, of any description and on any side, he will attend, sometimes assisting with interruptions and very strong on the question of his right to be there and to behave as he pleases; well content if in the free libraries at the end of the week he finds his comments reported and credited to "A Voice." Were it possible to make money by resting elbows on the parapet of London Bridge at the City end, and watching men conveying boxes of oranges from ship to wharf, he would be a millionaire. Street accidents have a special attraction; he has been known, attracted by one of these, to quicken footsteps. A horse down, a man in a fit, an ambulance van approaching, a street collision: he relishes them to the full. Disinclined now for exercise, he will yet walk in the odd procession that follows an arrested man to the police-station with the stolidity of one performing a service to the State, waiting outside in the hope of something more happening until requested to move away; he will also stand and gaze at a house where a murder has been committed, encouraged apparently by some optimistic anticipation that the incident may, for his benefit, occur again. I have seen him in large numbers at the Oval, although here again I am foiled in my endeavors to ascertain how he obtained the sixpence necessary for admission; clearly he secures a good amount of pleasure from sitting down and smoking, and watching the exercise taken by the players under a hot sun; in other months you will find him criticizing with severity the want of animation shown by football players. There are, of course, varieties; the true and complete loafer does not talk freely. He goes about with the air of one holding information

which he prefers to keep to himself, and no doubt hopes that he shares some of the respect paid by the world to those who practise reticence; a good deal of his conversation is made of grunts and indistinct ejaculations. The average Londoner has a limited vocabulary, eked out by useful snatches of topical slang; it would probably not exhaust an amateur accountant to take note of the number of words used by the loafer in the course of a day. If anything tempts him to the subject of eloquence it is the topic of luck. He has emphatic views on the subject of luck. Belief in it enables him to see clearly why it is that some of his own age, and possessing similar health, find themselves able to ride about in cabs while he has to walk; that some go into restaurants for meals whilst he has no alternative but to stay without. He hopes, and hopes, and hopes again that some stroke of good fortune may come to him, and, reading in a borrowed journal of a windfall that has occurred to somebody, a fortune left by some Colonial, discovery of sovereigns in a bed quilt, giving away of *largesse* by some demented visitor to town, he, whilst regretting that fortune has not flourished its wand in his direction, takes comfort in the thought that the unlikely is always happening, and that at any moment his turn may come. With these bright hopes coming occasionally, there is the more reason why he should not arouse himself and apply to work.

The loafer is generally, but not always, London born, and because of this he finds one of the greatest compensations in the fact that he is not obliged to hurry out in the morning. The countryman has been accustomed to rising early from his boyhood onward, and the task entails but little difficulty; to the Londoner it always constitutes a hardship, and the loafer remains luxuriously in bed whilst the sounds of footsteps on the pavement outside indicate

that men are going to work. If the loafer is not a bachelor, he tastes an added comfort in directing his wife to hasten away to the occupation by means of which she earns his living, upbraiding her severely for want of celerity, and warning her that it is not by the practice of leisureliness that folk make progress in the world. Having despatched her, he is able to turn over and go to sleep again, and rises later when, as he says, the day has been warmed up a little. The married loafer of this type is extremely severe on the question of giving the vote to women, arguing, first, that they have no right to it; second, that they do not possess sufficient intelligence to use it for the good of the country. The oddest detail about these households is that the working wife is often proud of the circumstance that her husband does not belong to the army of labor; there comes a distinct note of pride in the tones she uses in telling you that he has not done a hand-stroke for years and years; it is almost as though he belonged to a distinguished aristocracy. He remains the pampered person of the home; children are kept quiet when he returns of an evening to rest, and no one else thinks of using the most comfortable chair. I have heard him give his offspring a cogent and well-reasoned lecture on "How to get on in the world," and there can be little doubt that he considers himself a model parent.

He is not, you will perceive, a relative of the country tramp; he has small affection for fresh air, and he does not care for walking exercise. His lapses in these directions are restricted in favorable weather to a stroll towards one of the parks, and there sleeping for an hour or two, adding scarcely anything to the attractiveness of the open spaces. He gives his patronage only to the nearest; to reach Golder's Hill or Kew Gardens would entail too much effort, and

indeed his topographical knowledge is closely limited. Living, say, off Lisson Grove, he will be acquainted with Edgware Road, but he has possibly never gone west of that thoroughfare; his eastern boundary will, in all probability, be marked by the Great Central Station in Marylebone Road. In this confined district he must know every flag of the pavement, for he is always gazing downwards; I have sometimes wondered of what he thinks, and I come to the conclusion that he has probably trained himself to think of nothing at all. Occasionally you will find he is having imaginary contention with someone whose views seem to be in opposition to his, and he confutes the other side by the device of inventing the arguments to which he replies. This is a brief for the prosecution that I am drawing up, but it seems fair to say to his credit that his disputes seldom go beyond words. Fights are rare in London nowadays (I have not seen one for three months, and you may not have come across one for as many years); you will find the loafer at these as a spectator; certainly he will not be discovered playing any leading part. As a spectator he may give advice and shout counsel; in the same character he groans when those spoil-sports, the police, come up and interfere, demanding of nobody why it is they cannot find some more useful duty to perform. He does not like the force, and nothing they do is right in his opinion, or coincides with the action he would take were he in their place; when some mysterious crime occurs, he has only to be furnished with the barest facts to indicate at once the person he considers guilty, and all the time the police, so far as he can see, are doing nothing. A superior loafer of my acquaintance in the neighborhood of King's Cross forms an exception to the rule. He tells me that by going about quietly, and conveying information obtained to the de-

tective force, his earnings average eighteen shillings a week; he has only recently taken up the profession, and I gain that he experiences a lingering doubt whether it will be permanent. Apart from the fears he has in his mind, it seems obvious that an attack of deafness would send him back to the set to which he originally belonged.

Few of the variants are of any use to town, and it may be worth while, before concluding, to see what steps should be taken to diminish the supply. Admiring the efforts of good folk who take the mature loafer in hand and endeavor to reform him, I cannot help thinking that here is a considerable wastage of kindness. To change him into a working man is a trick that would defy St. George's Hall. Those who have made the attempt find that he may be willing to do a half day, say, on three days of the week; he may do a couple of complete days in the week, but the machinery has not yet been made which will induce him to work six whole days of the week. He cannot do it. The attractions of the old life are too great. Once he has earned enough money to buy beer and tobacco, it is against his custom, and contrary to his principles, to go on with manual labor. This is the result—for which I do not hold him exclusively to blame—of idleness, and my impression is that it cannot be cured. The disease can, however, be prevented. There must be a daily task for every boy of the hard-up districts on leaving school, and if he does not engage on some appropriate and sufficient occupation immediately, there should be workshops which he is compelled to attend. Farm colonies, to which the mature are sent, might be utilized for any lad showing no special ability, and their usefulness would be more apparent. The lad must be discouraged from taking up duties which give him no better training than that of fetching and carrying; if he does enter

on these, it should be compulsory that of an evening he learn some sensible trade; there is a Government department which might well arouse itself and give a lead to its juvenile staff in this direction. The boys, whether they be telegraph messengers or van guards, or errand lads, are a great deal too good to become later fit for nothing better than to be thrown on the scrap heap. The State spends a large sum of money upon them, and the State ought to take the trouble in starting them upon the sea of life that it gives to the launching of a battleship at Portsmouth Dockyard. They must go through the mill, and, in early days at any rate, the wheels must be kept moving. The habit of work, or the habit

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of abstaining from work, can each be acquired during the susceptible years, and unless the circular recently issued to school managers from the Thames Embankment is followed by decided and resolute action, coming generations will imitate the present in taking unfurnished lodgings in that thoroughfare. I am prepared to be accused of want of sympathy with the existing mature loafer; I urge in pleading guilty that one can hold this view and yet understand the perilous position of youth, and be eagerly anxious steps should be taken that the loafer may not in large numbers happen again.

The great thing to remember seems to be that he is made, not born.

W. Pett Ridge.

THE STORY OF HAUKSGARTH FARM.

CHAPTER XII.

When John Gospel ran into the house, Silence stood in the centre of the kitchen, her hand pressed against her side, her eyes alive with untold emotion.

"What gar'd ye cry out a-thatns, Mistress?" he asked sharply.

"Did I cry out?" answered Silence dazedly.

The man's glance moved to the hat and stick on the dresser.

"Ye did so," he muttered. "Wha's been here?"

"Mester Nasshiter's been here. Na! na! Yon hat's noan o' hisn. He 's a hard mon, John, and he threatened me."

"I reckon I'll just step round to Mrs. Tiffin. She should be here. Ye mun-not be your lone."

"Fetch her, John, an' she 'll come. But we 'll see to the milk first. We cannot lose that."

Amidst the clatter of the cans, the sound of the frothy flow of the milk

into the bowls and the comforting, warm fragrance, Silence regained her normal pose of mind. John, on the contrary, seemed to have lost his ordinary effusiveness. As a rule, he worked the better when in tune with heavenly emotions somewhat startlingly out-thrown. To-day he was dumb; the forlornness of the girl who was his mistress—he alone standing between her and a world of malice—subdued him with a weight of thought.

When he set out on his errand to Spor, Silence turned the keys in the house-doors, closed the kitchen window, and sat down by the dresser in the waning light.

Nasshiter's threat, and the statement by which he had supported it, was a shock under which her heart had seemed to turn over. Yet her deepest agitation was spent, not on that, but on the knowledge of the measure by which she had resisted the attack. Until John questioned her, she had, in the great disturbance of her mind, re-

mained unconscious that her cry had been more than the mute appeal of the spirit. Now she knew—the very echoes returned to startle her—that it had in truth escaped her lips to go reverberating over field and hedge beyond the homestead.

Had the hills perchance caught it? Had the sea received and borne it away?

Since the going of Silver, the sea had awakened new emotions. But the ingress and egress of the waters in the Bay had ever affected her imagination and influenced the intellectual adjustment of her mind, just as it had, in varying degrees, the minds of all the natives of the district. The roll of the entering wave gathered to its inopposable purpose, at times arriving in majestic turbulence, and the roar of an army of white-crested billows behind; at others creeping up in fatal quiet under misty skies; more commonly, in pleasant hours drawing a freshening mantle over the broad flats obviously and sunnily, had become part and parcel of her being. As effective was the stealing away of the tide, slow, quiet, unnoticeable, until the fall of the waters announced it. The Bore was a fact sensibly related to the existence of the shore folk, who must brave its formidable moods in the perilous passage "over sands." Death might come on the entering crest, and the outgoing waves might leave victims behind.

Once, when Silence was a tiny child, she had watched in Silver's company the gradual withdrawal of a toy boat under the secret influence of the tide. As the little vessel set out on its voyage, reeling, dipping, quivering, yet finally righting itself and vanishing on the broad expanse, its wet sail changing to a spot of light, the children had clutched each other's hands, agape with wild conjecture. Next day returned the little vessel, tossed, drenched, but uninjured, to the shore.

And Silver stood, his pink bare toes gripping the sand, and turned the boat thoughtfully over and over in his hands.

"What hev it seen? And wheer hev it been?" said he. "Gin I were a lile, lile mon, I wad ha' sot in the boat. I wad ha' ganged wi' it and seen beyond the Point."

To-day Silence remembered the sail and almost miraculous return of the toy-boat, commingling with the reminiscence the flashing hint of a resemblance between that incident and the unpremeditated cry which her desperation had sent out to the sea; and felt, she knew not why, a shudder of tip-toe expectation, a sense of an answer reaching towards her for a second, amidst the darkness of her trouble, the bitterness of her situation.

Yet where was Silver? Was he even alive?

The starving heart sustains itself in thin pastures; she timidly touched the hat lying near, and the contact called back color to the washed pallor of her face. Then she brought the portraits to the dresser, where lingered a little light. That of Nanna was uppermost; it needed but a kind memory to endow the points and contours of the silhouette with life and charm. The love that Silver had borne towards Nanna, enhanced her in Silence's mind, set her apart, distinguished her from other women. Something of the light of Silver's love reflected into Silence's mind still cast a glamour about the head of the outcast. That Nanna should have fallen from grace was, of all events, the most mysterious and incomprehensible. In shame and ruth, but also in a hungry, envious reverence, she laid her hand softly over the picture, and with the other covered eyes that streamed with irrepressible tears.

This weeping abated, she replaced the portraits on the mantel-shelf, giving to Silver the position of honor as

master of the Farm, and loyally placing Nanna's alongside. Having by this act established the rectitude of the affections and defined to herself anew the current in which her tenderness must run, she was able to take up the knotty problem which Mr. Nasshiter's visit had revealed.

Her mind returned with new inquiry to the past, and recalled the anxiety her father had displayed in his last hours, the vain movements of his lips, the appeal of his eyes. Was it possible these symbols of distress bore reference to unconfessed debts? The clearness of her first repudiation became confused; her denials faltered, hung back.

It was true, she could oppose to Nasshiter's assertion the fact that her father had not hinted at a trouble so overwhelming. But then he had habitually kept whole pages of his life closed to her. The attack upon Mr. Harold Arneson, for example, remained an unexplained incident; none the less was Silence convinced that her father had possessed full knowledge of it.

After that event, the long, close association between Hall and Farm had been snapped. A dry message despatched by John had informed the inmates of the mansion that labor at the Farm would no longer be equal to the carrying of the peats for their great stacks. A tacit surrender had, at the same time, been made of the privilege of freely gathering fuel from the Arnesons' woodlands. And no explanation of this sudden and disconcerting decision had been given.

Although Whinnery in the last six years of his life had taken her into his instruction as to farming, he had not, in other matters, departed from his taciturn habit. In particular, it had been his practice to avoid any reference to their landlord, that being a topic he detested. In the end of her long review of every circumstance, she

could but conclude that her father's silence was not sufficient evidence against Mr. Nasshiter's assertion.

"Eh! but it 's a parlish [parlous] world!" ejaculated Mrs. Tiffin when John brought her back, and she had received Silence's confidence. "You mon's a proper raskill. All folks kens that. It 'll be a lee."

Old Jinny sat, stiff and upright, opposite Silence on the hearth, in a faded black gown, her immense white cap, with its stiff frilled border, tied under her chin by a black ribbon.

"But I mun prove the lee 's a lee. And that 's hard. Besides, thou knows we 've had sair stint of late. Supposing it is na a lee?"

Silence breathed the words with extreme reluctance, and Mrs. Tiffin received them with sympathy.

"Lass," said she, "thee call and tell Mester Daker. He 'll speak comfortable to thee. And now get tha to bed and I 'll side up a bit. Thou 's in sair need, but there 's a ruck of things straightens theirsels out in sleep."

CHAPTER XIII.

The provision for the spiritual solace and ceremonial needs of the scattered inhabitants of the district was scanty. The parish over which Mr. Daker, incumbent of Summerdate had charge was practically, if not legally, as extensive as the kindness of his heart and the sturdy legs of his good cob could conquer.

Mr. Daker was a man of small stature, whose large head and rugged features spoke a capacity both of heart and intellect, out of proportion to his size. He had plentiful brown hair and a pair of kindly brown eyes. His work amongst the people was an incessant task that left him small leisure for the studies he loved. A constant exposure to the buffet of the weather and the bracing air, while riding over the rugged hills and dales, had brought him to

a hardened condition of health and to a ruddy bronze in color beyond what his constitution and his tendency as a student indicated. He loved the place with its wide free beauties, its streak of sea and the circling belt of hills about it. He loved the flavor of salt in the air, and his eye never lost its fresh delight in the magic changes of light and color across the majestic panorama, nor his ear the thrill from the wild sound of the Bore, or the wailing cries of the sea-gulls, or the softer indescribable music of the curlew's call. As for the solitariness, he cherished it as a matchless advantage, while his imagination was ever awake to a secret stimulating reminder of a forgotten history in the midst of the present, which the ruined pele towers evoked.

But chiefly he loved the people whom he served, finding in that other landscape of the character an attraction which could absorb his attention from the passion of the scholar for his book. It was a large life, a full life, obscurely lived in a crowded loneliness under God's skies and in His Eye.

It happened that the day after Mrs. Whinnery's funeral, an impulse of the heart brought him to the threshold of the lonely mistress of Hawksgarth. And Silence, without hesitation, opened her heart on the event of the previous day.

At that era the protection for country people against knavery was small. Particularly was it so in lonely and remote districts; those in trouble must hang on Time and slow-moving ways for help. Mr. Daker knew it. Even if Nassbiter had lied, this manoeuvre of his could work up, as he perceived, into a great calamity, unless his assertion could be disproved.

"If the rent has been paid there will be receipts. Have you these receipts?" asked he.

"Na, Mester Daker."

"Have you looked for the receipts?"

"Na."

"Can you tell me where your father kept his papers?"

"Fadder hed n't so much of papers and that sort. I han seen him put things in the big desk yon. And when I writ a letter for him—but that was rare—I wad sit me down at the desk."

In the corner of the kitchen was a bureau of very fine inlaid woodwork, and at least two hundred years old.

"Is this the desk?" asked Mr. Daker.

"Yes. Fadder set great store on it. It came to him through my great-grandmudder. She was of Furness—she came of a family who worked in wood, carving chairs and bedpoles and sichlike."

Mr. Daker examined the bureau with interest; he was something of an antiquarian, and he knew that he had before him a thing of great value, the work of an artist who had mused long and silently over his creation, laboring in the leisured content and tranquillity of long-ago times, with a crafty hand, a care for detail, and an unfaltering sense of decorative beauty wedded to a useful design.

"This desk," said he cheerily, "is in itself a help to you. If needs must, you could sell it for a large sum."

"My fadder told me long ago I mun niver—niver—part wi' yon desk," was the girl's reply.

"Is that so?" said Mr. Daker hopefully. "Will you give me permission to look through your father's papers?"

"Thank you kindly," said Silence.

She stood in suspense, while he opened every drawer and examined every curious and exquisitely worked niche. The wood was smooth as satin, dove-tailed and put together with a perfection of exactitude. But very few papers were to be found; saving the lease itself, which lay in a locked drawer there was nothing of value.

Mr. Daker closed the bureau, and turned the key in the lock.

"The receipts are not here," said he. And Silence's hope died away.

"Had not your father some other place for papers?" asked Mr. Daker.

"He hed na ither place. But there's something I wad fain tell ye. T' Farm is na mine, Mester Daker."

"Your father's will was clear, my child. He left you his sole heir. You need have no doubt on that point."

The curious, soft eagerness in Silence's eyes, the quick emphasis in her speech, increased.

"The will 's no matter. My fadder meant the Farm for Silver. I mun keep it for Silver. It 's hisn."

"Have you heard from Silver?"

"Na."

"Do you know where he is? Can you write to him?"

"Silver 's away; that 's all I know. Na, I cannot write."

"Have you any proof that your father meant the Farm to be Silver's?"

"Yes. I heard him say, years ago, 'Come back, Silver. T' Farm 's thine. Come back and tak' it.'"

"That 's not proof, Silence."

"Aye, but it is," cried the girl.

As she spoke, she drew herself up and clenched her hands together with a snap of the fingers, holding them either side her slim straight figure.

"You have nothing in writing?"

"Na."

"That 's a pity," said Mr. Daker; "had there been something in writing, it might have made a great difference in the case."

"I 've nought in writing. But the Farm 's Silver's," repeated the girl stoutly.

Mr. Daker rose, glanced round the kitchen thoughtfully, and detected the silhouettes on the mantelpiece. His sentiment of surprise was so strong that it caused him to avert his eyes

quickly. Then he clasped the girl's hand and bade her adieu.

"I must seek for further light on this matter," said he.

April was out before a change came in the situation.

One encouraging discovery seemed to point to the justice of Silence's first instinctive denial of the debts:—Whinnery's banking account proved, on inquiry, to show a reserve. Always supposing the March rent to have been paid, there was enough for the Michaelmas rent and something over. On the other hand, Nasshiter sent down a formal and detailed account of the arrears, and this, Mr. Daker argued, he had hardly ventured unless his case was well founded. In his compassion for the girl, the clergyman determined to make her affairs his own matter, and to act in every point on her behalf.

Some further solace reached her through the kindness of neighboring farmers. Nasshiter's method of getting on in the world had left him the mark for wide-spread hate; when it became known that he was threatening the lonely mistress of Hauksgarth, every heart inclined towards her. Many a generous off-hour spent in her fields, many a day's "boon-ploo,"¹ helped her through the first tug of difficulty. The season also developed favorably, but in her anxious circumstances, hope was ever crossed by a sense of frustration.

And on one thought she concentrated with a determination almost fierce. Happen what might afterwards, sold up for debt at Midsummer she would not be. This fixity of purpose drove her at first to mistaken courses. She thought she saw that, by husbanding her resources and by measures of rigid economy, it was possible to raise the required sum in the time given.

But these merciless economies were a hindrance to the welfare of the

¹ A day's ploughing given free.

Farm, and bid fair to dry up and destroy the land. John worked early and late, and prayed as he went about his tasks; but he missed the foresight which should plan the labor to the capture of the future. His mistress's scrupulous and narrow saving failed of

that supreme mark, as he saw well enough.

"There 's summat wrang wi' t' wark," he complained; "I 'm doing no more than scrattin' here and scrattin' their like an awd hen."

Emma Brooke.

(To be continued.)

THE ABBEY MEADOWS.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

The half-hour gives warning, hesitates, detaches itself with a musical sigh, and tumbles into the past.

You glance up from your desk at the complacent countenance of the clock. "Half-past nine only?" you say to yourself. "Still forty minutes before I need catch that confounded train!" You are writing at something, with all the zest of a new conception; you do not yet know what a tedious nominy it will turn out to be, this screed of yours about moral dynamics, the polaric relations between duty and action, how the one begets the other, and then is in turn begot. You long to keep writing all morning, but an underconsciousness frets you of the duty and action to catch the ten-fifteen. Now, when you try to catch your train of thought again, it has gone on: you hark back a paragraph or two, scowling at the officious mentor on the mantel meanwhile.

The timepiece does not frown, however; it beams with all the self-satisfaction and ticks with all the cognizant industry which clocks and clocks alone can show. You have often noticed the odious self-complacency of clocks and chronometers, how conscious of correctness they are, even when they are slow? Their inane round faces never wear the least look of humility; one could well understand an irritable, impetuous fellow jumping up and smashing his clock.

Such a merciless censor too—such a

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cold, sardonic, exact inspector of weights and measures in our dilatory dealings with Time. No allowance made for anything! no emotion, whatever befalls; a clock is a *douanier* on the frontier of dream. The sun-dial you bought in the Marylebone Road is much more human; it only jogs your elbow now and then and at last, when it feels it really must, during hours of aerial gold. "A sun-dial," you say to yourself, "is time in a garden. A sun-dial is green silence. It lets the sweet day glide."

Twit, wit, twit wit! A little bit of wit and no rest!

A yellow-hammer is chirping that at you, in at your very window, and perkily jerking its feathers in gestures of contempt for your quill.

Twit wit—a lot o' little work and—*aren't* you coming out?

"I am that!" say you, moral dynamics notwithstanding; and out you go into the fragrant freshness, the amber and emerald lights, and the crystalline hush of a "wet, bird-haunted English lawn." This year is so late in flowering that your garden still lies enlapped in Spring. The seasons have moved on languidly this year—as why should they not, if they chose? Who was the false gardener made the first floral clock? It was like his impertinence, don't you think?

So it is still the virginal morn-

ing of seasons this morning, though going by clocks and almanacs it ought to be nearly the year's noon. Avast all almanacs, however—the times and seasons merge so graciously into one another if we only let them alone. Time is a delicious abstraction, till we make it concrete. You once knew a man who found out that, going by registers and calendars, he must have been born two years later than he had supposed. Do you think he was any the younger for that?

"And grass merges into hay," you told yourself shamefacedly; for the grass is inches high, and you really must wake your lawn-mower out of its winter sleep to-morrow! "The grass of the field," you quoted from St. Matthew, "which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven." To-day is, is it, O sainted Judean *douanier*? It is not! Even while one says it is, a part of to-day has fallen into yesterday. To-day never is; it only was.

"Rum thing, Time," you went on, in your irreverent colloquial way. "It never begins or ends, except for oneself. One's to-morrow is swiftly to-day, and then yesterday immediately; soon comes the swish of the great scythe through our ankles; we are cut down. And then the oven, and the handful of gray dust shut in an urn of brass."

"Do our days all die with us, or before us?" you mused on. What about times one intensely remembers—hours in the Abbey Meadows, for instance—they are not actually dead? You were now in the middle of the lawn, and there, with ivy fondling it already, stands the copy of an antique pillar-dial, which cost you three pounds five in the Marylebone Road. The brass dial seemed to smile at you, a thing which clocks and watches never do; sunshine flashed from it like the white gleam from between your lady's parted lips. "Smile always, old fellow," you

said to the dial. "But don't grin—a skull does that."

For your eyes were now on the inscription and legend. Your dial's a punster. "My name is dial," it begins,

My name is die-all,
Thy name is mort-all.

Unkind of the sunny fellow, that! As if we did not know! Then you read on the plinth *Induce animum sapientem*, and the gnomon made a hazard at five minutes to ten. One can't be always wise-minded, however. You stood there musing, of days which can never die while memory holds her seat. Noll, and the secret, in the long golden evenings of your *bella epoca*! Suddenly you stood in the Abbey Meadows again, on the very frontier of dream.

If you went down Easemore Lane you came to the first Abbey Meadow, that pasture of glee—if you pushed through a gap in a hedge, that is, or bestrode a gate which bore a notice warning you not to do anything of the kind. Then, if you dared pass a tethered bull, not generally known to be picketed, you might crouch along the hedge-side of a clover field or two, and presently be at large in Elysium itself.

A watercourse too wide to be called a brook, yet a little too narrow to be considered a river, wound shinily along the further verge of those *champs Elysées* and helped to make them a realm of gold. This stream had a name which you now know to be of Celtic origin; the Broad Waters it was called, which you used to think a Redskin, a Cooperian kind of name. As you scampered down the inconsiderable convex of the clover-fields you could see the Broad Waters gleaming and tempting intolerably; you unbuttoned collar and waistcoat as you ran, and into that alluring fluid you pitched yourself as soon as ever you could peel.

There were hours before you—hours.

Evening sunshine lasted longer then than it does now. And the dip was only one part of your pleasures. When you had dived and swum and floated to your heart's content; when you had larked on the bank, sun-dried yourself and dressed—why, then, the evening still being golden, and nobody near you but Noll, your chum, you went unostentatiously over a stile and across the second Abbey Meadow, stealing with Redskin furtiveness and indirectness towards the old stone coffin in the moat.

Because—to confess a cherished and perilous secret at last—in that uncanny coffer you concealed a treasure which you dared not leave in your box at school. No, not cake, nor toffee, nothing eatable, but “something to read,” something to read again and again. And this something to read being something illicit also, the old stone coffin was the safest as well as the most imaginative treasury you could find. Hardly a schoolboy but Noll and yourself would venture near that *golgotha*; everybody knew it to be bewitched. You yourself were careful to quit it before the red sun lost his clutch on the hill. For the place was haunted. In times of flood, when the moat filled up, that coffin had been known to sail! Poachers and gamekeepers at night had seen that heavy old trough go bumping along the moat like a drunkenly-steered barge on a canal. Sarcophagus, moat, mounds—every bit of the second Abbey Meadow would scare you in the dusk; dead priests were sleeping the clock of time round under those mounds.

As Noll and you stole forward. Redskin file, you were therefore pretty sure that your *cache*—Redskin again—would not have been robbed. For first the curious or larcenous must dare the neighborhood of the stone coffin, and then the interior of the coffin itself. A

hamper-lid lay inside it, upon a pile of pieces of tile that once had decorated a chancel floor. To-day you would give pounds for those fragments of tessellated encaustic, monk-made—if you could come upon them. Forty years ago they were merely a part of the game. There were mystic Greek characters on one of them, you remember, and on another a coat of arms which you now know to have belonged to Eleanor of Castile. Roughly you cast them aside, however, uncovering your *cache*; and then you came to a tin box, quarto in size and shape, the which, being opened, to the breaking of finger-nails, revealed an untidy brown paper package; the which, being unstrung, gave your illicit treasure to the light of sunset. There in the coffin of a sainted abbot lay the Adventures of Jack Sheppard and Blueskin, Dick Turpin and good Black Bess!

Nowadays Noll is the well-known Canon Olipher, and a mighty preacher before the Lord. No sand-glass stands on his pulpit-ledge. Hour glasses are as much abandoned as *clepsydræ*. Even the last three-minute glass has been dislodged from the Clerk's Table in the House of Commons now, electricity replacing the golden sands. Does the eloquent Canon ever remember those hidden penny numbers, you wonder?—that *fruit défendu*, so delicious to taste and re-taste? There on the weathered edges of the coffin the pair of you would sit, enchanted within the golden evening, reading aloud to each other one's favorite bits of burglary or the “high-toby lay.” Oliver was fonder of Blueskin, and you of Tom King, you remember; but Oliver was better than you at slate-pencil pictures of Black Bess soaring over a turnpike gate. And neither of you ever thought how improper for such ungodly lessons was the green spot where you revelled in crime.

Right, left, and round the corner ran

the moat, and within the vast parallelogram which it outlined a fair Abbey of the fourteenth century once stood. Cistercians there had created sacristy and cloister, hospitium and chapter-house, chapel, refectory, and library innocent of such Newgate chronicles as gladdened your perverse young hearts. There where you thieved vicariously

The Reader had droned from the pulpit

Like the murmur of many bees

The legend of good St. Guthlac,

And St. Basil's homilies.

There the boys of the Abbey school had been thrashed by the Master of the Novices, for bathing in the Broad Waters. There in the scriptorium the deft fingers of Gargantuan monks had wrought in gold-leaf, ultramarine, and vermeil, embroidering vellum with reed-pens and sparrow-quills. There lauds and primes and complines had been said or sung, until the Dissolution befell.

Potential or actual Blueskins and Turpins there may have been among the monks, and rare high jinks in the Abbey; but it is not very likely—the Cistercian Order was simple and severe. Yet in 1539 it pleased the King's most Excellent Majesty and the High Court of Parliament to ordain that "the possessions of such houses shall be converted to better uses, to the pleasure of Almighty God and the honor and profit of the realm." So that the monks of Bordesley Abbey must go forth into a wicked world again, carrying with them their abbot, John Day. And note you this: among them was one Roger Shakespeare himself! Did he return to Stratford, you wonder, now? Stratford-on-Avon was only sixteen miles away.

Last time you went to the Abbey Meadows you went alone; Noll would be preaching somewhere that Sunday evening, no doubt. You had not shirked your "prep." or postponed it.

You had no "prep." to do; you were miserably mature and grown up. Nor did you dive into the Broad Waters—they had narrowed, apparently—nor dare the progeny of the tethered bull, nor leap the forbidden gate. Staidly you walked where Abbot Day and Frere Roger used to pace in their fastings, and your heart was sad for thinking of irreparable times. The moat was quite empty; the stone coffin had been sent to prison in a museum, and every atom of your *cache* had disappeared. But the hours are kind to those who muse, and when you sat you down upon a mound to day-dream this vision came to you.

The form of a stout man, clad in a white woollen robe, a dark scapular and hood, and sandals, stood before you; when you dared to ask him who he was, "*Pulvis et umbra*," said he. But being pressed to confess his conventual name, he gave it as Frere Roger. "*Roger Shakespeare?*" you cried. He nodded, and you rose from the mound, saluting him as cousin to the wisest of the great.

The twilight had wilted away into darkness, and night, moonlit night, was suddenly come. Around you the Abbey had risen again, a magical emanation. The smaller quadrangle enclosed you. "*See, hospes*," Frere Roger said, "we stand in the east alley of the cloister; through the arches you view the cloister-garth, and the crosses which mark our last beds. But here is our dormitory while we sleep alive." He opened a door in the cloister wall, and you saw the pale sub-prior asleep. At his head the keys of the Abbey depended, under a cresset which swung from a beam. Sixteen other monks lay there, each on his mattress, clad in monastic dress and the hood drawn over his face. But you could see their lips, and one of them murmured the *Comfiteor* even while he slept.

Then suddenly you stood in the

Chapel. A white figure, lit by the lantern he carried, was kneeling on the encaustic floor before the high altar—the sacristan, he. For he drew down and trimmed the ever-burning lamp; and then he stole to a great pier of ribbed stone, unhooked a cord and began to ring a slow bell.

"Now every eye is opening," Roger Shakespeare said, "and every right hand, like mine—yea, and thine—now marketh upon the forehead and the breast the sign of the holy rood. So! *In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti*. The moon shines silvery—thou wilt see the brethren enter for prayers." Through the arched doorway you saw the east alley of the cloister stretch long and chequered, pied with the bands of moonlight and the bars of shade. Two by two the monks approached, white, black-hooded figures, marching in double file, the stone in the middle of the cloister pavement being left to the Abbot to tread. Their heads were bended; each saw but the bare heels and skirt of the one before him; their hands were rolled within their sleeves. You thought they yawned, and some seemed somnambulist; when they knelt they most of them nodded off into a kind of sleep. "They are now to chant the Paternoster," Frere Roger said; "also the Ave and the Credo. My stall must not be empty, *Vale!*" And the grand-uncle of William Shakespeare was gone.

Those monastic years have gone. Forty years of yours have gone, and, thanks be, you have not held up a coach or burgled a mansion yet. Many other things have gone, borne off on the stream of Time; perhaps the best things are gone; but the pleasures of remembrance remain. And those pleasures so deprave you that you wish you were twelve years old in the Abbey Meadows again, and perched on the borders of an old stone coffin, to be reading,

laughing, and reading anew of Sheppard and Claude Duval. . . .

You opened your mental eyes, with a stare. You were in your garden, and the sun-dial was making a shot at five-and-twenty past ten! Your train would have gone ten minutes ago—you *must* catch the next! So you hurried in-doors, the yellow-hammer protesting in vain.

You glanced at the clock; it gave you no welcome; it ticked reproachfully, as who should say "I kept steadily at work, you perceive. I've no half-hours to waste in that barbaric green place you call the garden! Look at your pen and paper lying idle, though it's not their fault. They can't be expected to work if you——"

"Go to Chronos!" you said—"or to Chronos, or whoever it is, you prating old bore!" The reply was one haughty cold blow on the bell.

The bell responded, as patiently as ever; you heard the half after ten detach itself tremblingly, sigh gently, and sink into the gulf of the past. You know the hollow-booming splash of the bucket at the bottom of a well? And what dark water that of Time is, how furtive and chill! The bucket arises again; the precipitated half-hour can never emerge. "Make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is."

"Ten thirty-five," you said to yourself, pouncing upon gloves and umbrella and topper. It is but three minutes from your gate to the railway station—that is why you miss so many trains. We are thrifty of the wrong minutes, miserly of the by-and-by. You pass an old milestone *en route*. It is dumb, it no longer tells the distance to Charing Cross; Time's tooth, the weather, has gnawed it into blankness. But who needs milestones handy to a railway station or a *garage*? Railway stations are milestones nowadays; they

mark our distances and time-table our hours.

I fancy that time and space are one, the same entity; a stride is a second, a mile is a quarter of an hour. We multiply time and space when we ride, drive, rail, tram, motor, or fly. Once I used to think that time was stored up in clocks, just as tea was in tins at the grocer's; to wind a clock up was to refill it with time; I do not know that mathematicians or metaphysicians have gone much nearer the truth than that, even yet. For time *must* be stored somewhere. Perhaps the half-hours which have detached themselves from the melting mass of the Future are stored in the "back of beyond."

The train was tardy, so you caught it, and you distinctly saw the station clock reprove it for being late. In the evening you caught another, home, and woke your pen and paper from their rest. By now your tedious screed and nominy on Moral Dynamics has gone into the waste-paper basket, unfinished. Is anything ever finished? Not an author, not an artist, but would deny that any piece of work is ever

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completed. We reach to arbitrary cessations and apparent endings only. And Time never finishes; it is always running past us; time only seems to die. An old Irishwoman, enjoying her Bank Holiday in a cemetery, saw ANNO DOMINI on a stone. "Anna Dominey!" she exclaimed. "Begor then, is ould Anna gone? Sure an' I knew her well when her was cook to the Lhord Mayor av Dublin." There were certain years of Our Lord which you knew particularly well; into what waste-paper basket have they been cast?

So now another day has gone beyond the bourne, that dark Broad Water, into those mounded meadows where past days await resurrection maybe; I have been writing this since dinner, and again I hear the hesitation, the detachment, the chiming wall, and the fall of the half after ten into the past. Thank goodness, no train to bed to catch; and the train of to-morrow is rushing towards me. In the dark station of sleep I will wait for that express.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

With the vigor of giant forefathers in his veins, Björnstjerne Björnson, ever a fighter, has for months made a valiant stand against death. But even the mightiest chieftain must at last take what the sagas call his banewound; and at last the brave white head lies low. European literature has sustained no such loss since the death of Victor Hugo. Greater men there have been in this department and in that, but none that was a master in so many fields, none that lavished his genius so inexhaustibly in the service of his country and of humanity. Novelist, dramatist, lyrist, politician, con-

troversialist, orator, he was in everything abundant, in everything superb. His works, no doubt, are uneven in merit, for a stern self-criticism was foreign to his temperament; but he did nothing poor or petty, nothing that does not bear the stamp of a great creative originality. His prodigious energy, in whatever direction expended, was always the energy of genius.

It is remarkable how, in despite of the barrier of language, he has impressed himself on the imagination and sympathy of Europe. The barrier of language was much more serious in his case than in Ibsen's. However much

Ibsen may lose by translation, Björnson loses ten times more. In the first place, he is at his very greatest as a lyric poet, and his lyrics are hopelessly untranslatable. His peasant songs, his patriotic songs, his romantic ballads, his saga-transcripts, are among the gems of a language not poor in lyrics. To think of him at his noblest is to think of "Synnöve's Song" and "There lieth a Land," of the haunting "Olaf Trygvason" and the supremely tragic "Bergliot"—all utterly obscured in another language. But even the prose of his novels and plays loses fatally in translation, partly by reason of its merits, partly from what one cannot but call a defect. Its merits are extreme raciness and picturesqueness; its defect a sort of impressionism, not to say smugness. The attempt to translate some of his most characteristic pages is like an attempt to reproduce Turner's "Fighting Téméraire" in pen-and-ink.

Björnstjerne Björnson was born on December 8th, 1832, in a country parsonage on the northern slope of Dovrefjeld. Unlike Henrik Ibsen, who had little or no Norwegian blood in his veins, Björnson came of one of the peasant families who hold themselves, probably with justice, the representatives of the old upland kings. Nothing very remarkable is related of his boyhood. To him, as to Ibsen, the revolutionary unrest of '48 came as a strong intellectual stimulus; but to the boy of sixteen it naturally meant less than to the youth of twenty. In 1850 he went to Heltberg's famous "student-factory" or cramming establishment in Christiania, where he first met Ibsen, Vinje, and Jonas Lie. Before he was twenty he wrote a play named "Valborg," which was accepted by the Christiania Theatre; but he is said, though this is scarcely credible, to have withdrawn it of his own accord. While still a student, he plunged into journalism; and he took a leading part

in the movement for replacing Danish by Norwegian actors in the company of the Christiania Theatre.

It was in 1856, after an exhilarating visit of the Norwegian students to Upsala, that he determined to make poetry his vocation, and wrote his one-act historical play "Between the Battles." The winter of 1856-7 he spent in Copenhagen; and he brought home with him the peasant tale "Synnöve Solbakken," which in the autumn of 1857 took all Norway captive. If we regard Wergeland, Welhaven, and their contemporaries as the first generation of modern Norwegian writers, "Synnöve Solbakken" may be called the first masterpiece of the second generation. Idyllic though it undoubtedly was, it was at the same time true to life in the sense that it portrayed certain quite real aspects of Norwegian peasant character, not hitherto registered in literature. In a style that was none the less original for showing the influence of the Sagas, the poet revealed to the Norwegian people their enduring kinship with the men and women of whom the Sagas tell. Never before had the influence of Norwegian nature on Norwegian character been so deeply felt or so poetically rendered. The book, and its successors in the same vein, "Arne," "A Happy Boy," and others, came as a sort of consecration of Norwegian nationalism, an interpretation of the intense individuality of the race. And it has been well said that, if "Synnöve" threw the light of the Sagas on the Norwegian peasant of the nineteenth century, "Between the Battles" reversed the process, and made the men of the Sagas more real and living in the light reflected upon them by their peasant descendants.

Björnson's romantic period may be said to have lasted from the publication of "Synnöve" in 1857 to the publication of "Sigurd Jorsalfar" in 1872. During this period he is mainly occupied with

the historic drama and the peasant idyll, though "The Fisher Girl" (1868) denotes a breaking away from that form. For two years (1857-9) he held the post of stage-manager at the Bergen Theatre, in which Ibsen had served his apprenticeship to stagecraft. It was in Bergen that he published his drama "Lame Hulda," not acted till 1862. During the winter of 1859-60 he was engaged in journalism in Christiania; and it was then that he wrote his famous national song, "Ja, vi elsker dette landet." From 1860 to 1863 he lived abroad, mainly in Italy, by aid of a travelling stipend allotted him by the Government. After his return, he was for about two years Director of the Christiania Theatre, exercising, through his vivid histrionic temperament, a most inspiring influence upon the actors and actresses.

No distractions, however, journalistic, political or theatrical, could seriously retard the flow of his creative activity; and in addition to his novels he produced in the sixties his dramas of "King Sverre," "Sigurd Slembe" (a magnificent trilogy), and "Mary Stuart in Scotland" along with the epic poem "Arnljot Gelline." To the middle of this period, moreover, belongs the two-act modern play "The Newly Married Couple," the first noteworthy production of its class in Norwegian literature. The second was Ibsen's "League of Youth," produced in 1869, in which Björnson, not without reason, felt himself to be lampooned in the character of Stensgaard. Ibsen declared that it was not Björnson himself, but his "He-steeped clique," that he had in mind in drawing this personage; but the distinction is somewhat impalpable. There was a good deal in the character, too, that was pretty plainly modelled on the individual rather than the clique. Even Stensgaard's religious phraseology, the confidence with which he claims God as a member of his

party, was at that time characteristic of Ibsen. The breach between the poets was wide, and was not healed until twelve years later, when Björnson nobly came forward on Ibsen's side in the controversy raised by "Ghosts." "He has a royal soul" was Ibsen's comment.

"Sigurd the Crusader" (1872) was to have been the first of a series of historic folk-plays; but it was in fact the first and last. Soon after its publication, the poet's mind veered decisively towards the study of modern life, both in dramatic and in narrative form. From a two years' stay in Italy he brought home two remarkable plays, "The Editor" and "A Bankruptcy," the first taking firm hold upon political life in Norway, the second upon commercial and social life. "The Editor" was the more original work, but "A Bankruptcy" was incomparably the more successful. It popularized Björnson on the German stage, as "Pillars of Society" was, two years later, to popularize Ibsen. It was at this time (1875) that Björnson bought the property at Aulestad in Gudbrandsdal which was ever after to be his home. But his local settlement was followed by a period of spiritual unsettlement.

Hitherto he had stood on the ancient ways in religious thought, or rather sentiment. His early religious training had been reinforced by the influence of the Danish theologian Bishop Grundtvig; and when he took up his abode at Aulestad, it was partly with a view to a deeper cultivation of his religious life, in concert with certain Grundtvigian friends and neighbors. But his concentration on spiritual problems led to quite unexpected results. Bit by bit, during the next five years, his sentimental religiosity fell away from him, and he emerged from the struggle a disciple of Herbert Spencer, and even, it might be added, of Charles Bradlaugh. He gave a good deal of energy

in these years to theological controversy; and it cannot be said that the literary work of his transition period attains to his highest level. A strange symbolic drama "The King" (1877) stood high in his own favor, but scarcely in that of his readers; and two novels, "Capt. Mansana" (1875) and "Magnhild" (1877), may perhaps be placed, respectively, in the third and in the second rank of his fiction. On the other hand, two plays which appeared in 1879, "Leonarda" and "The New System" stand—the latter very decidedly—in the front rank of his dramas.

In the winter of 1880-81 Björnson visited America, and on his return plunged into the thick of the political battle which culminated in the impeachment of the Conservative Ministry, and the triumph of the Liberal party, headed by Johan Sverdrup. During this stormy period, Björnson's magnificent gifts as a popular orator made him one of the great powers in the land, though at the same time his religious apostasy did something to weaken his influence. Both from the political and from the religious point of view, his name was anathema to the Conservative party, who tried to make out that from this rabid agnostic and agitator the glory of poetry had departed. No doubt this ought by rights to have been so; but, unfortunately for the Conservative critics, Björnson's Muse had something of "Shield-Maid" in her composition, and never stood by him so faithfully as when he was in the thick of a great fight. Almost beyond question, his genius reached its fullest stature during the eighties. His change of heart in religious matters inspired a little novel "Dust" (1882), which is certainly one of his minor masterpieces. The drama "A Gauntlet" (1883) was too manifestly a thesis-play—the outcome of a campaign into which the poet had thrown himself in favor of an equal moral law for man

and woman. But a few months later in the same year he reached the summit of his dramatic production in the first part of "Over Ævne" ("Beyond Human Power"), an extraordinarily original and fascinating psychological study. In fiction, too, he put forth new strength in "Det Flager" (1884)—known in English as "The Heritage of the Kurts." This might be called the summit of his achievement as a novelist, had he not given us, five years later, a book which some think even stronger and more beautiful—"In God's Way," or, better, "The Paths of God." These two great novels stand forth, then, as twin peaks in a glorious mountain range.

The triumph of the Liberals in 1884 did not bring political peace to Norway, and Björnson continued to act, through good and ill report, as a great tribune of the people. He was the foremost champion of "the pure flag"—a flag bearing no mark of the union with Sweden—and he was prominent in the agitation for a separate Norwegian consular service and Foreign Ministry, which at last led to the dissolution of the bond between Norway and Sweden. It was a real-life tragedy of this stormy political period—a tragedy in which he himself had played a part—that he embodied in his fine drama of "Paul Lange and Thora Parsberg," perhaps the best of his later works. Though he never at any time showed any trace of senility, it cannot be said that such plays as "Laboremus," or "Paa Storhove," or such a novel as "Mary," are ever likely to take rank with the great works of his maturity. His last play, which appeared only a few months ago, is a lively comedy, but turns on a subject—the marriage of an uncle and a niece—rather startling to English preconceptions.

Since the separation of Norway from Sweden, Björnson's activity as an orator and controversialist has been

mainly devoted to combating the movement for supplanting the Norwegian-Danish language with an artificial composite of the peasant dialects of Norway. This movement would cut Norway off from her own literature, and combine with her geographical position utterly to sequester her from the rest of Europe; but since it has grown in strength for something like half a century, and is actively promoted by sane people, it has doubtless points in its favor which the foreigner cannot discern. Ibsen, no less than Björnson, was resolutely opposed to it.

As a novelist, Björnson holds a place of his own which no one can dispute. He has not, indeed, the consummate artistry of the Russian masters, but he has great narrative skill, deep psychological insight, and an admirable power of projecting and realizing character. As a dramatist, it is impossible not to compare him with Ibsen, while at the same time it is very difficult to reduce the two men to a common measure. Though they no doubt influenced and stimulated each other, and though the subjects they treated were by no means dissimilar, their methods were utterly different. Ibsen was a dramatist, and nothing else; Björnson was essentially a novelist writing in dramatic form. He had none of the marvellous constructive patience with which Ibsen worked over and worked up his themes. Beside the close-woven fab-

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ric of such a play as "Hedda Gabler," such a play as "Leonarda" seems little more than a genial improvisation. It is significant that Björnson, whose life was so full of manifold activities, nevertheless wrote almost as many plays as Ibsen, who devoted himself austere to that one form of art. It is impossible to maintain, in short, that Björnson had anything like the specifically dramatic genius of the author of "The Wild Duck" and "The Master Builder"; and yet there are moments in his plays which his great rival never surpassed. "Sigurd Slembe" has neither the psychological depth nor the dramatic power of "The Pretenders"; yet the scene in which Sigurd hears his doom pronounced by the assembled chieftains is one Ibsen might well have envied. Again, there is nothing in Björnson's work that can compare with "Brand" or "Peer Gynt"; but what is there in Ibsen's work that can compare with "Beyond Human Power"? All along the line, the comparison is as futile as it is inevitable. Perhaps we may say that they were, as nearly as possible, men of equal intellectual stature, with this great difference—that Björnson's genius was extensive, while Ibsen's was intensive. How strange was the caprice of destiny that gave to one small country, in one generation, two such commanding and complementary men of genius!

William Archer.

THE POUNDBURY ELECTION.

There were at least a score of leading articles written on the result of the election in the Poundbury Division, in which it was said it was "an epoch-making election," "a portent," "a great breach in the walls of a proud party," and so on, but only we who were in the inner circles know that but for me

not one of those leading articles would have been written. It was really my first election, and if I go through another hundred there will never be anything more exciting or more nerve-wearing. Talk about women having no influence in elections! Why, Poundbury was simply a woman's election

from beginning to end. As sister-in-law to the Hon. Lionel Writham, one of the candidates, I speak from experience.

Mr. Johnson, of the other side, held the seat at the General Election by nearly five hundred votes—472, to be exact. He was a manufacturer in Poundbury, the chief town of the division, and was well-to-do and very generous, and he had a nice, bluff, hearty way with him that went down well with his constituents. Poundbury Division is made up of a series of little manufacturing towns, with agricultural villages interspersed, so the electors are principally working people, and a good many voted for Mr. Johnson because he was a good employer and because they liked his ways. He put on no side, they said.

My brother-in-law, Leo, was chosen as prospective candidate more than a year ago. He is twenty-four, and after he left Oxford he went for a voyage round the world, for it was always understood he would go into politics. He was rather bored by his travels, but it enabled him to speak with authority about Greater Britain, and say on platforms that no man who has not seen Britain Beyond the Seas ought to have a voice in settling Imperial affairs; and he quoted that line about "What do they know of England who only England know?" with fine effect. It was a hit at Mr. Johnson, who replied in a speech that the only British possessions he had seen were Gibraltar and Malta, and he preferred England, and that man who had seen as much of England as he had did not need to go to the Colonies to work up his patriotism, for the United Kingdom, more than Australia or Canada, could teach him we were a great people. It was not serious argument, of course, but it went down very well in Poundbury Division.

Leo was chosen as prospective candi-

date on his return from his tour. It was recognized that he would have to fight hard and persistently if he was to turn out Mr. Johnson at the next General Election. Leo, of course, is the eldest son of Lord Sturminster, who owns quite a quarter of the constituency. The family are well liked, for we are not bad landlords, but we didn't expect that the respect they had for us was going to be much help in getting Leo into the House, for Mr. Johnson's popularity was so great and his party organization was so perfect. Ours had been neglected, for the party had got down in the dumps rather.

Leo had looked forward to three years' hard work in wooing the electors, when there came a dramatic change. Mr. Johnson had an attack of influenza early in the year which pulled him down. As soon as he was able to travel his doctor sent him to the Riviera, but in Paris he caught another chill and dangerous complications followed. For a month he lay in Paris extremely ill, and when it was thought he was convalescent he suddenly collapsed from heart failure.

Although he was an opponent, we all respected and liked him, and Leo and my husband and the chiefs of our party attended the funeral. But sorry as we were for his untimely death, we could not shut our eyes to the fact that it was fortunate for Leo and our party. Leo had been at work a year in the constituency, and the other side would have to start with an unknown candidate. Leo's agent summed up the matter for us. "Against Johnson the odds were three to one against us; against a new man it's three to one in our favor. Hard work will give us a thousand majority. That must be our rallying cry—a thousand majority."

The other side were worried and anxious. They asked three local men to stand, but none of them would, and, finally, they chose a barrister the party

sent down, a man named Ivvizet.

"Why, I know Ivvizet," said Leo, when he heard whom they had chosen. "We were at the Varsity together, and a clever chap he is, and a very decent chap. He'll put up a hard fight, you'll see. It will be no walk over, thank heaven." Leo is fond of a "scrap" as he calls it.

Our side played the proper game, of course. We made great play about a carpet-bagger being chosen to woo the suffrages of gallant Poundbury. Our paper said it was an insult to the enlightened electorate of the division to bring an unknown man, who hardly knew a soul in the constituency, and the usual things local party papers say. The other side retorted that at any rate they had chosen a man with brains and not one who was nothing but the son of a lord, which was unkind and untrue, because Leo is *very* clever.

Things went swimmingly for us. We had been at work a week, I should think, before Mr. Ivvizet got adopted and got to the constituency, and Leo's agent, Veale was beaming. We were very busy, indeed, and Sturminster Hall was as upset as a house during spring-cleaning, for there were any amount of villages to be visited and spoken in and canvassed, and every night Leo lived the life of a music-hall favorite who appears on one stage for ten minutes and then motors off to another hall, and then on to a third. He had at least four meetings to address every night. He is not a bad speaker, for he is tremendously in earnest, but he is not witty on the platform. He can be at the dinner table, but it seems as though he looked on humor as frivolous in an election.

That was where Mr. Ivvizet had the advantage. He is a wonderfully clever speaker and very witty, and his side took to him warmly from the first. That would not have mattered much.

but there was something a good deal worse to be faced. He had only been married six months, and he brought his wife with him. She was quite a *petite* woman, with golden hair, a pretty face and a charming manner, but worse than all, from our point of view she could make a capital speech. She went with her husband everywhere, and spoke at each meeting. She knew something about politics, but it was not so much what she said as the charming and touching way she said it. I heard her once, so I know. At every meeting, we were told the audience jumped on their feet and cheered enthusiastically, and she captured all hearts. "We want to hear the lady," the audience would shout as soon as the meeting began, and Mr. Ivvizet said, "You shall; she is going to speak presently. If we let her speak first you would not trouble to listen to us. Powder first, and then jam."

Well, in less than a week the other side, after being down-hearted were at the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and Veale, Leo's agent, looked glum. "We are not fighting Ivvizet, but Mrs. Ivvizet," he said, "and she is the fashion. Something will have to be done, or our apple-cart will be upset."

"Yes, but what?" we said, for we could see as well as he that the tide seemed flowing the other way.

He looked at me. "You must become her rival, Mrs. Writham," he said.

I stared at the man. "Not I," I said. "I can't speak. I think I can do some good by canvassing, but I never made a speech in my life, and I am not going to try. I can't make myself ridiculous even to put Leo in."

He waved his hands helplessly. "Well, we're in for it," he said. "She has captured them. You are not appealing to reason now, but sentiment, and sentiment will carry this election. We've got a good cause, a good candi-

date, and three rattling good cries, and take away that woman and we should win hands down. I wish we could kidnap her."

"Oh, confound it, Veale, don't give up the ghost," Leo said, irritably.

"I never do give up till the result is declared," said Veale. "But we might as well recognize facts. Mr. Ivvizet is carrying this election."

"But why?" I asked. "Our side are not going over because a pretty woman makes speeches, Mr. Veale."

"No," he said. "Just let me explain to you what an election really means, Mrs. Writham. Say there are ten thousand voters. We know that four thousand staunch men will vote Red whatever happens, and another four thousand will vote Blue. They don't count a halfpenny, but there are another one or two thousand who have no settled convictions, who are neither Red nor Blue and vote according to their fancy. It's those you have to get at, and Mrs. Ivvizet is getting at them. Unless we can bring up better light artillery we shall—well, at present it isn't a fair fight."

Jack, my husband, and Leo, and Lady Sturminster, and Mr. Veale, were all round me that day begging me to make an effort and speak, and at last to escape their importunity, I promised. The meeting the next night was at Worle, a little village, and I went there with Leo. I was horribly nervous, and nothing but Leo's peril would have induced me to get on my feet. It was as brave an act as any that has won the Victoria Cross, for I simply can't speak in public. I was like a lamb going to the slaughter, and as you might expect, I made a terrible hash of it. I smiled, but, oh, dear! what I said and how I said it! Some laughed and some jeered, and one unkind elector shouted out: "Why don't you borrow Mrs. Ivvizet to make a speech?" And even our own side

smiled. It was terrible, but no one can deny it was brave.

Jack and Leo tried to cheer me by telling me I should do all right after practice.

"No, I shan't," I said, "for there will be no practice. That is my first and only performance. I'll canvass and things of that kind, but no more of that horror. Can't you see," I asked them, "that this has improved matters for Mr. Ivvizet? Everybody will say that we can't hold a candle to her. It was a glaring mistake to attempt it."

Leo said nothing. I know in his heart he agreed with me that we had simply increased Mrs. Ivvizet's prestige. And, goodness knows, it wanted no increasing. The election was of great importance, and all political England had its eyes on us, and the Opposition papers in town drew attention every day to Mrs. Ivvizet's charm and brilliance. One paper headed it, "Poundbury: Mr. Lionel Writham versus Mrs. Ivvizet," and they had no doubt which would win. The headquarters of our party had got anxious, and sent down more speakers, including ladies, who could speak well. But it did not take; they were not related to Leo, and there was not the glamour about them there was about a candidate's wife, who was fighting so well for her husband.

The next night I lay awake for a long time, for I could not help thinking what a fiasco all our hard work was going to prove. I am glad I could not get to sleep, for a brilliant idea struck me. I don't think I've mentioned that Leo, although a broad-shouldered, stalwart Englishman, and perfectly brave in danger, is an awful coward where women are concerned. He is so shy that he would rather face a mob of wild elephants with a walking-stick than propose to a girl, I really believe, and although his mother was anxious to see him settled and had in-

vited no end of nice girls to Sturminster Hall for his sake, it was no good. As I lay awake I recollected there was one nice girl I was sure he was fond of who would be an excellent match for him. It was Margaret Essdell—her father is Minister in one of the Balkan Principalities. I was quite sure that Margaret was fond of Leo—trust a woman for knowing—and she has a most beautiful mezzo-soprano voice. I was so excited when I thought about it that I did not get a wink of sleep all night, and I rose at seven, and as soon as the post-office was open I sent a wire to her at Brighton where she was staying. "*Do come to-day; urgent.*"

When I got back I went up to Lady Sturminster's room. According to her custom, she was breakfasting in bed. "I've trumped the trick," I said.

"What do you mean, dear?" she asked.

"I've trumped the other side's trick," I said and then I told her. "You like her?" I asked.

"Very much," she said.

"Then Leo has to propose to her," I said, calmly. "She'll back us up, you'll see."

She was not quite as enthusiastic as I was, for she did not feel sure Maggie would come, and even if she did, it might not work. She had got very dispirited, and this rather affected me, but I lost my depression completely when I had a wire from Maggie saying she would be with us at tea-time.

I went alone to the station to meet her, so that I could tell her. I told her I wanted her to save Leo, and the position was desperate. "I know you like him very much and would do anything to further his interests," I said.

She blushed. "I will do what I can," she said.

"It is more than that, my dear," I said. "I know you would do anything for him." I told her all about

the desperate position of affairs, and that I wanted her to go to the meetings with him and sing. "You can win this election for him," I said.

"If you think it will be any good I will do my best, dear," she answered, and I kissed her warmly.

I took her off that night to a meeting. Leo did not know what I had done, and he was astonished when he shook hands with her on the platform. "You get on with your speech, Leo," I said. "Miss Essdell is going to sing afterwards."

"Delightful!" said Leo, but the poor boy didn't see then how much it meant to him.

While he was speaking I passed a note to the chairman. "Please announce that a particular friend of Mr. Writham's will sing 'Killarney' as the next item."

Leo positively blushed when Mr. Allendale, the chairman, made the announcement. He did it with a sly glance that made the audience smile, but it didn't matter, for dear old Margaret simply had them by the heart from the first bar. They encored her, and wanted to hear her a third time, but Mr. Allendale announced that she was going on with the candidate to another meeting at Wisley and they would have the pleasure of hearing her again another evening.

We got home about eleven, but I was too excited for anything. The spell was working, and if only Leo would be sensible we had the other side beaten. Mr. Veale wore a smile at the meeting at Wisley, the first I had seen on his face for a week, and our papers spoke gleefully the next morning of the captivating singing of a charming young lady of whom it was hoped much would be seen in the constituency. In a day or two they were gossiping all over the division that it was the girl to whom Leo was engaged, and on the Sunday I spoke to him on the matter.

"My boy," I said, "aren't you grateful to Maggie Essdell?"

"Very," he replied and his tone was really warm.

"Then now is your chance to win the election and win a wife worth having at the same time. I know you are fond of her, and she simply worships you."

He looked scared. "I have a great respect and liking, Winnie for—"

"Fiddlesticks!" I said. "You know it isn't respect. And she only came to help because she loves you. Nothing would have induced her to slug in an election except that."

"It is very good of her."

"Then you be good," I said. "Don't be a coward. Maggie is with a book in the summer-house. Go to her and tell her."

He laughed rather ruefully. "Oh, but look here, I can't," he said, lighting another cigarette.

"Oh, but look here," I said, stamping my foot. "If you don't, at dinner to-night, before the servants, I'll tell Miss Essdell that you love her, but are afraid to tell her so. On my honor I will, for I've lost patience," and I gave him a push towards the summer-house. You see, I was desperate.

I wasn't sure when I saw him go towards the summer-house that he

The Pall Mall Magazine.

wouldn't show the white feather at the last moment, but, thank goodness, it was all right. I waited and waited, with every nerve tingling, but an hour later he was taking her to his mother.

He had not only won a bride, but won the election. All the world loves a lover, and Mrs. Ivvizet's speeches had no chance against "the really exquisite singing of Mr. Writham's charming fiancée, Miss Margaret Essdell, the only daughter of Sir George Essdell, his Majesty's Minister at Bellopolis." The last week of the election she was announced on the platform as "the feongsay of our esteemed candidate," "the future Mrs. Writham," and so on, and the electors went wild about her. Mrs. Ivvizet was completely eclipsed, for Margaret sang the undecided electors into voting for Leo. It was her triumph when the result was declared at noon on the day after the polling: Lionel Writham, 6,726; Gerald Ivvizet, 6,495. But it should have been *Miss Margaret Essdell and Mrs. Gerald Ivvizet*. If I could not make a speech I flatter myself I was the power behind the throne. If it had not been for my happy thought Mr. Ivvizet would have triumphed, and Leo might have been at this moment a defeated candidate and a hopeless bachelor.

Orme Agnus.

CHINESE PROGRESS.

Things are never absolutely quiet in China; it is hardly to be expected that they should be, in such a huge loosely knit Empire. But there are periods of greater and less turmoil, and the average decennial intervals seem just long enough for the average man to forget the last episode and its lessons before the next occurs. There were anti-foreign riots in the Yangtze Valley in 1891, followed by the usual conviction

that China was now certainly going to make progress. Next came the Boxer outbreak and siege of the Legations in 1900, followed by an absolute conviction that now at last every barrier was broken down; China having recorded her purpose in a brand-new treaty, which people whose memories should have served them better spoke of as a diplomatic triumph. The usual decade having passed, we seem in presence

now of a fresh period of disturbance. Hunan has a reputation for inspiring such movements, even if it does not always initiate them. It was a Hunanese who disseminated the literature that was instrumental in fomenting the troubles of 1868-70; and the threads of the outbreak of 1891 seemed also to concentrate in that great and prosperous but typically conservative province. The immediate cause of the present riots is said to be a lapse from normal prosperity due to a scarcity of grain which the officials are accused of having aggravated by speculation. But that would hardly account for the hostility shown to foreigners. We are in presence here, probably, of deeper causes which have combined as rills may combine to produce a flood. First there is the "China for the Chinese" movement, which the Government have used, or obeyed, to defeat concession after concession made when it seemed impolitic to refuse. Then there is the disaffection, always present, but subject to periods of activity and depression. Of late it has been recrudescient; and "talk" hostile to foreigners is a familiar method of stirring up unrest. Rumors have been spread widely that foreigners were again preparing to partition China, till more than one European traveller of experience has predicted that serious trouble was at hand; and the admission of the Changsha mandarins that the death of a single foreigner would have been the signal for a general rising throughout the province seems to confirm the diagnosis. The activity of his Majesty's Consul and the opportune arrival of the gunboat "Thistle" allayed the danger; but it would be premature to assume that it has passed, for it is only an outward manifestation of more widely spread unrest.

We hear much of insubordination of the provinces. But the provinces have never been subordinate to Peking as an

English county is subordinate to the central power; and not a few of our difficulties have been due to neglect of the fact. We have chosen to assume the existence of an imperial authority supreme and centralized; whereas we were in presence, really, of a congeries of satrapies bound every one to contribute its quota to the imperial exchequer, but possessing each a large degree of financial and administrative independence. One feature of this decentralization was that different viceroynalties had different concerns. The war with France about Tongking concerned the Viceroyalty of the two Kwang, the affairs of Tibet concern the Viceroy of Szechuen: the Boxer outbreak occurred in the North, while the Viceroys of the Yangtze region maintained peace; and the incidence of the indemnity on regions which had no share in the crime caused irritation. There had only recently occurred the war with Japan, and the financial stress caused by these cumulative indemnities has been responsible doubtless for much. It is hard to say whether we hear more of intended reforms or of potential resources; but both are certainly embryonic. Unwonted demands had to be met by fiscal methods stereotyped in the past, which failed naturally to meet the case. The strain has been accompanied by extravagant outlay and extravagant projects of various kinds at Peking. Hence resort to devices such as debased coinage and paper money which, historically, have their reward; and this brings us to the question of currency, which seems no nearer solution than when the Mackay treaty was signed. It is easy to conceive that drastic reform of a currency so chaotic as that of China would be difficult even for a strong Government with a purpose; but one would have thought any Government representing something more than negation might—even if it could not impose imperial

coinage—have been able to insist on the mintage by the provincial authorities of at least one uniform standard coin. To this semi-independence of the provinces may be ascribed also the difficulty found in obtaining fulfilment of engagements, whether in the form of treaties or railway and mining concessions. Resistance in the provinces—whether genuine or inspired—is a useful card. The uncertain factor always is the genuine or factitious character of the opposition. For difficulties caused by genuine popular hostility one could make allowance, but obstruction inspired by a jealous and venal mandarin excites irritation. A typical case has been the extinction—by compulsory repurchase at thirty per cent. loss—of mining rights acquired by the late Mr. Archibald Little in Szechuen. No one understood better Chinese formalities, and every formality was complied with. No one understood better or maintained better relations with the Chinese, and he had associated Chinese gentlemen with him in the enterprise. Yet, by a process of rank obstruction and injustice, work was made impossible, and shareholders had to take what compensation they could get. The fact is—and it explains the absence of all genuine reform—that the administrative system of China is instinct with corruption. Differences of currency and exchange permit an element of profit even in collecting and remitting land taxes to Peking. Who wants a standard coin? The potentialities of squeeze and nepotism connected with railways are varied and great; and such opportunities should be kept for the Chinese. Who wants foreign supervision and accurate accounts?

Recent correspondence in the "North-China Herald" regarding the much-talked-of line from Hankow to Szechuen affords a typical illustration. Accounts published at the request apparently of Chinese subscribers show

that out of 15,000,000 taels—raised as to 2,761,000 taels by shares and the remainder by special taxation—a full third had been spent before the first sod was turned. Nothing has yet been done in the way of construction, but work on the first ninety miles from Ichang was being commenced. It was estimated that this section would cost about 10,000,000 taels (say, roughly, £13,000 a mile). By this time the funds will probably be exhausted and Szechuen, which has provided the money, will not have a foot of railway within its borders. The authorities were asking for £8,000,000 to complete the undertaking but subscriptions had ceased! Is it surprising? We have said that the case is illustrative. It illustrates the unwillingness of private capital to risk itself in any enterprise which officials are to control, and it illustrates the patriotic (!) desire to exclude foreign supervision. So with the Imperial Maritime Customs. Instinctive dislike to foreigners and foreign intrusion is no doubt one among various motives for the attempt to set up a Chinese Board of Control which was scotched only, instead of stifled, by Sir Edward Grey's irresolute protest in 1906. But an instinctive desire to recover control of a Collectorate involving such possibilities counted probably for a great deal more. We have not yet learned—perhaps we may never learn—the veritable explanation of the recent changes in the Deputy-Inspector-Generalship and the transitory apparition of Sir Robert Bredon on the Board of Control. It is alleged, plausibly, that this was a graceful mode of making his resignation easy. But the thought will occur, also, to one familiar with the initial stages of the episode, that the appointment might have consolidated into a sort of Chinese Super-Inspector-Generalship if it had been allowed to pass unremarked. Patriotism of a kind is responsible also, no doubt, for thwarting the expansion of

the Foreign Settlement at Shanghai. But if the patriotism were unalloyed, an easy solution might have been long since found in the adoption of reforms that would have neutralized the anxiety of foreigners to manage their own affairs; whereas it is the maladministration of the Chinese quarter that inspires the wish to push it farther and farther off; just as the corruption and cruelty of Chinese judicial courts make ridiculous the desire to extinguish extra-territorial rights which forms another plank in the Progressive platform. All—or nearly all—the restrictions which the officials especially resent would melt away in presence of reform. It is because they prefer to seek relief in resistance that the annoyances are automatically prolonged.

The riots in Hunan may have been excited by shortness of rice; those in Shansi by attempts to prevent the cultivators from growing poppy. In Soochow and Canton they appear to have been sheer acts of indiscipline and antagonism between soldiers and police. The objection to railway loans and mining enterprise may be dictated partly by a comprehensible dislike of foreigners as well as by a selfish desire to handle the loaves and fishes. But the prevalent feeling among men connected with China seems to be that the conditions generally are unsatisfactory and that British interests are losing ground. The chairman of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank may say plausibly, at a meeting of shareholders, that "Chinese credit in Europe was never higher." The question is whether that altitude is deserved; and it would appear from a letter published in their

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last annual report that the General Committee of the China Association have their doubts. For they have (they say) "watched with growing anxiety a deterioration in the financial conditions of the Empire that appears remediable only by drastic reforms of the fiscal and administrative system of which they can perceive no indication." We hear ad nauseam of progress and reform, but it is difficult to bring the methods of measurement into line. If measured by Edicts, reform and progress would abound indeed; but then no one, according to the Rev. Arthur Smith—least of all a Chinaman—expects edicts to take effect. Some appear to measure by Treaties; but a review of the Mackay treaty and its predecessors leaves an uncomfortable suspicion that treaties are only edicts of a kind. Some appear to measure by Indebtedness, and others by multiplication of Missions; while some regard both as symptoms of disintegration and decay. Some point to the closure of Opium divans, while others remark that even if the backdoor be not open there is no practical hindrance to smoking in private, and affirm that even if people smoke less they eat opium pills and drink more alcohol than ever. Some point to educational changes, while others remark on the paucity of teachers and point to the effect of hybrid education on the Indian mind. We are content to note in the meantime so many evidences and, no doubt, causes of unrest; while of the "drastic reforms in the fiscal and administrative system" which the situation cryingly demands there is no sign.

CITY CHAT.

"I want to be rich," said Charles thoughtfully.

"Then buy rubber," said Algernon from behind his evening paper. "Sell your holdings in Tapiocas and buy rubber."

"How do you buy it?"

"I don't know. I'm a child at business. I think you go to the telephone and just buy it. You don't want any money—only a loudish voice."

"Have you ever made money on the Stock Exchange or anywhere?"

"Never. Oh, well, I once made a penny on the Post Office Savings Bank. My father, with the idea of encouraging thrift, put in a pound for me when I was fourteen. Nothing further happened until I was fifteen, when I drew it out again. Interest of a penny had been accruing all this time . . . but I never applied for it."

"In a thousand years that penny will come to—to—to quite a lot at compound interest."

"Yes, we used to work it out at school. It was about four million billion pounds. I shall leave it to you, Charles; and in the event of your death to the Middle Classes Defence League. I trust that they will spend it wisely."

Charles was silent for a long time.

"I don't understand," he said at last, "what this rubber boom means. Why should rubber keep going up in price so much?"

"Because so many more rubber trees are being planted," suggested Algernon. "No, that must be wrong," he admitted generously.

"What is rubber used for except for tires and golf balls? There's no new demand for it, is there?"

"Mats with 'Welcome' on them are always made of rubber. I'm ordering one with 'Good-bye' on it. It will be placed just inside the door where it

catches the eye at once, and will be made entirely of rubber."

"There are goloshes, of course."

"And sandwiches. A thin slice of india-rubber and two pieces of dry bread, please, Miss." Yes, there are plenty of ways of using it."

"But these are all the same old ways. That's what worries me."

"Why be worried about it at all?" asked Algernon. "All you've got to do is to take advantage of it, and buy shares in the"—he referred to his paper—"In the Burra Burra Development Company, Limited."

"Oh, is that a good one?"

"The very best. Our old friend Colonel John Tench, late of His Majesty's Indian Army, and now of Ravenscourt Park, is a director. Also Lieutenant Wilbraham of the Royal Navy and Addison Road. Also Mr. Fitz Oppenstein. Those names always inspire me with confidence."

"I've never heard of them before."

"Neither have I. But they sound exactly right. Probity and shrewdness simply ooze from them—probity from the first two, and shrewdness from the other."

"Yes, but how much rubber oozes from them? That's what I should want to know."

"Dear Charles, you are very hasty. How can rubber ooze before the trees are grown up? How can trees grow up before they have been planted? How can they be planted before the estate has been cleared? How—"

"But if there's no rubber—"

"I hadn't finished. How can the estate be cleared before it has been bought? How can it be bought before you, Charles, have come out with the money? Now you see."

"Then it will be years before any rubber is ready for sale at all?"

"Years. But what a harvest when it comes. In 1920, it says here, they expect to produce 500,000 lbs. of rubber. Putting the net profit on rubber at four shillings a pound——"

"Why?" asked Charles.

"Well, they must put it at something. Putting the net profits at four shillings a pound, you get—well, there you are, that's what you get."

"But I can't possibly wait till 1920. Hang it, that's an awful long time. I always thought one made money on the Stock Exchange much more quickly than that."

Algernon looked at him compassionately.

"My poor friend, how little you seem to know. You talk as if you really wanted a piece of india-rubber, and would have to wait ten years for it. Never mind about the rubber; you buy the shares."

"Look here, I suppose you know that I don't want to *spend* money, I want to *make* it."

"Quite so; and I didn't say you *pay* for the shares, I said you *buy* them."

"And then what do I do?"

"Then you wait. To-morrow, perhaps, some refreshment contractor lays in a new stock of sandwiches, or there is a great demand for wedding-cakes, or I buy my mat; naturally the price of rubber goes up. Naturally, also, the

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price of your shares. Next day the Burra Burra manager cables that they've been having perfectly glorious weather out there, with just a few nice showers to bring up the rubber trees if they had been planted. So sensitive is the Stock Exchange that the shares shoot up still further. Next morning there is a photograph in *The Daily Mirror* of a man who has made £10,000 in three weeks over rubber; of course, hundreds of its readers rush in to do the same; up go your shares again. In the afternoon somebody discovers that there really is a place called Burra Burra, and that rubber trees have been known to survive there. Once more the shares go up. At the end of a week or so you sell—and there's your money."

"There's the money," echoed Charles.

"And not only the money, my dear Charles, but the feeling that you have earned it nobly, that you have done something for the Old Country with it. You have helped to expand the Empire; you have served your time as a captain of industry; you have been a landed proprietor and an employer of labor. Ah, Charles, Charles, it is men like you who make the world go round."

"Y-yes," said Charles doubtfully.

"Er—could you lend me five pounds now?"

A. A. M.

MARK TWAIN.

Has he gone to a land without laughter, This man who made mirth for us all?

Mr. Swinburne wrote in an ode on the death of Artemus Ward. A greater than Artemus, Mark Twain, *si mentem mortalia tangunt*, must laugh at finding that he is already passing into an historical mystery. For what surname stood the modest L. in "Samuel L. Clemens"? For Langhorne, say

some of the "genial obituaries." Mark himself said that the L. was the initial of Lambton; nor did he veil his opinion that he was more akin to the lordly House of Durham than to the respectable poet and the translator of Plutarch, who reflect lustre on the name of Langhorne. His mother was a Miss Lambton, or, if not, to say so was "Mark's way." Yet he

did not appear to be jesting, nor would the joke have been among his best. In rambling autobiographical papers, dictated when he had foresworn the pen as a literary engine and rarely employed it in private correspondence, he told the story of "Les Enfances Marc." He has told it immortally in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," one of the sequels which even excels its predecessor.

In the autobiography Mark's youth, as a small boy in a little rustic printer's office, was funny enough. His great desire was, like Tom Sawyer's, to be eminent, to shine in the public eye, and be much in the general mouth. As the subject of a travelling hypnotist, he displayed powers quite supernatural, not by any "subliminal uprush," but solely by "native cheek" and the art of putting this and that together. Persons hitherto sceptical were convinced; and it was when he tried to shake their faith by frank confession that they drew a brief but trenchant historical parallel between him and Ananias. It is very probable that Mark, like Master Sawyer, desired to shine in Sunday school as he who had studied the Scriptures diligently. In fact, Tom was no great Biblical scholar, but we know how he made a corner in the tickets which attested intelligent diligence, and so appeared at the head of the school. And then, *in viva voce* he broke down rather badly, and, asked "Who was the first apostle?" answered by naming Gollah, the Alias of the Minoan settlers in Palestine.

In "Tom Sawyer" Mark displayed, as in "Huckleberry Finn," that delightful knowledge of the Human Boy which neither Dickens nor Thackeray surpassed, while, as to the regular boy, Shakespeare and Scott have very little to say. Whether Tom is working magic and spells, to call marbles into a hole in a tree; or a rite in which a dead black is the victim; or playing at Robin

Hood; or joining Huck Finn in a piratical gang (of which the Jolly Roger is never to be stained with blood); or beguiling other boys to perform his task of white-washing a fence; or whether he and Huck are marooned on an isle in the Mississippi (where they have excellent and enviable fishing); or whether Tom be lost with a little girl in the labyrinth of a cave; or in that awful moment when Injun Joe's foot is on the stairs and his knife is in his hand—these lads are always delightful, plucky, conceited, absurd, and tender-hearted, much against their will, but such is their *bon naturel*. Mark knew all boyish and negro folklore, and made his heroes believe in and practise it. The whole behavior of Huck to the runaway negro, whom he—by birth the meanest of mean whites—protects against the dictates of his artificial conscience, is full of true humor, not the humor of exaggeration. *Decies repetita* the story of the murderous family feud among two good-natured, kind clans of Southern planters will thrill and please, as do the adventures of the two ducal swindlers and vagabonds on the river. The scene of the nocturnal storm on the river shows what Mark could do to perfection as a painter of Nature. His accounts of piloting on that majestic stream make one long to abandon all other pursuits for this ennobling and adventurous career.

From his life as a pilot, of course, he took his pen-name when he deserted water for ink and wrote comic sketches in local newspapers. His tale of his fortunes as temporary editor of a journal devoted to agricultural interests is "massive and concrete," "puissant and convincing." The Guano is certainly a fine bird. He did some soldiering, but was not tenaciously attached to the standard of *la bonne cause*, the Lost Cause of the South. Stonewall Jackson and Lee cannot have had much use

for Mark; it was not a baton that he carried in his knapsack.

"The Celebrated Jumping Frog," contributed to a newspaper, made his name and his fortune. People later tried to persuade Mark that this glorious *Märchen* occurs in an ancient Greek source, but we have never succeeded in discovering the classic original. In a little yellow-covered pamphlet the Frog came to England; and they who then watched the literary skies saw that a new planet had swum into their ken, though they could not expect from the author the two masterpieces of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," in which the humor is much more ripe, varied, and original. Mark came to Europe in 1867, but did not give entertainments, like Artemus Ward. The fruit of the tour, "The Innocents Abroad," is good in places, as in the story of the Blue Jay, and perhaps the exaggerated philistinism of the tourists in matters of art was "wrote sarcastic," and meant to satirize certain American limitations in the region of taste. If so, the satire was extremely severe, though rather mechanical. Mark does not appear to have been very sensitive to the charms of the Umbrian School, but in literary criticism he showed his power when he wrote on Professor Dowden's "Life of Shelley." Poor Harriet was indeed avenged, and, between Mark Twain and Matthew Arnold, all that persons of taste could desire to be said concerning the biography *was* said; nothing was left to be desired. The chivalry of Mark was up in arms for a woman ill-treated by her husband and by his biographer. Mark's "Gilded Age," with the more than Micawberesque Colonel Mulberry Sellers—a figure drawn from the life—was more appreciated in America than in England. "A Tramp Abroad" has the faults of "The Innocents," but Mark's philological comments on the German language are irresistibly funny. Like

Scott, Mark undertook the trade of publishing, with similar results. He was ruined, and, like Sir Walter, set doggedly to work to clear his honor. But Scott was already a stricken man and an old man; he died before his task was fulfilled. It was not possible for him to lecture, but on the lecturer's platform the vigorous Mark was victorious—a noble achievement. We have spoken of the chivalry of his character. His "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court" is a book which we have sedulously avoided as we would avoid a book on Sir Lancelot at the Court of Mr. Taft. The "Morte d'Arthur" of Malory is a sacred thing: the Yankee intermeddleth not with it. We voyage in it like Sir Galahad in the magic barque, and we do not desire the company of a barge-man from Massachusetts. But Mark somehow became acquainted with the character of Jeanne d'Arc. To her he was devoted, he studied the *Procès* in French translations, and his romance on the career of the Maid probably did more to make the greatest of women known in America than even her very judicious biography by Mr. Lowell. Mark was not a Medievalist, but his heart was in the right place; and this unexpected invasion of the fifteenth century is an honor to himself as well as a most unaffected tribute to La Pucelle. Mark was not a novelist; the "love interest" was not *dans ses cordes*. But only Schiller introduced the love interest into a drama on the life of the Maid, and there is reason to believe that he recognized his extraordinary and humorless error.

The sorrows of Mark's later years were many and poignant. He lost the persons most dear, and justly dear, to him, and he bore what must be endured like a man and a Christian. A touching undernote of pain and loving memory runs through the reminiscences which he dictated after he had ceased to write. Probably he was pleased by

receiving, thanks to Lord Curzon, the degree of Doctor of Letters at Oxford, where he was welcomed by undergraduate loyalty. Mark had always spoken his mind to his fellow-countrymen, when he felt so moved, with perfect candor and courage. He was very patriotic, and assailed M. Paul Bourget rather testily, when M. Bourget, with perfect courtesy and in compliance with

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a request, published his impressions of the States. But no States or people enjoy even the most courteous criticism, and Mark laughed, himself, at a too patriotic literary fellow-countryman. His genius, his character, were perfectly original. To know him was to feel for him the sincerest respect and affection.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Taft, after a long silence, has spoken on foreign affairs. It had been whispered that he had chosen to say nothing because, if he had spoken candidly, he would have to repudiate the unfortunate proposals of Mr. Knox for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways. Mr. Taft's speech, if we may so derange our epitaphs, exploded the whispers. It proved that the rumors as to a disagreement on foreign policy between himself and the State Department were untrue. He went out of his way to show how much he regretted the dampness of Mr. Knox's squib, and he still hoped that some day it would become dry enough to take fire. "But the conception of Manchuria," he said (according to the report in the *Times*), "as a triple buffer-State in which the railways should be under the control of the representatives of all nations and not policed by the armies of any is one which, if it could be realized, would be fruitful of permanent peace." It is a curious revelation of Mr. Taft's mind that he should hark back to this proposal. We cannot ourselves see that there is any human probability that it will ever be realized, and we fancy that the vast majority of Americans understand this, and do not mean to waste their time in crying for the moon. If there were any question of the viola-

tion of the Treaty of Portsmouth by the construction of the Russian and Japanese railways in Manchuria, Mr. Taft would have a perfectly rational, and of course a strong moral, argument on his side. But there is no such question. Neutralization is a blessed word; but when one turns from a drowsy appreciation of it to inquire into its practical meaning one is alarmed at the extent of the financial undertakings it implies. Moreover, neither Russia nor Japan can manage to construct a railway without policing the country through which it runs. Neutralization would mean, therefore, international policing,—in other words a partial occupation of Manchuria by the Powers. There are many things in foreign policy which the Powers, concerned for their own comfort and convenience, should be anxious to avoid; but we should unhesitatingly place a general military occupation of a large part of Manchuria among the chief of them. As things are at present, Russia and Japan guarantee freedom of commerce in Manchuria while themselves undertaking the preservation of order. Russia has definitely stated that she is willing to consider proposals for new railways on their merits, provided that they do not prejudice the safety of Russian territory; and Japan, if she has made a less definite statement, could not possibly

reconcile the prohibition of railway building by other nations with her declaration as to freedom of commerce.

Although the proposal for neutralization is indefinitely postponed, Mr. Taft was evidently anxious to prove that the United States Government is doing the next best thing. The State Department, he pointed out, not content with trying to secure for its citizens a share in railway enterprise in Turkey, had successfully intervened in the Hankau loan. And it had done so not merely to uphold Treaty rights, but in order to protect the interests of American capitalists. As for the Chin-Chau railway, the Japanese Government was ready to co-operate in its construction, and satisfactory negotiations were proceeding. One cannot read these statements without noticing the whole-hearted way in which the State Department, in backing the interests of American citizens abroad, has parted company with American tradition. Every head of the State Department busies himself nowadays, with almost as much fervor as the German Foreign Office, in assisting the private enterprise of Americans. If the principle of the "open door" in Manchuria is in danger, a most important issue is of course at stake, and it would be the business not only of the United States, but of every Great Power, to protest to Russia and Japan at once. "We cannot quietly acquiesce," said Mr. Taft, "in the silent defeat of that policy in the actual measures adopted by the Governments interested in the Orient." These words seem to embody a complaint, and yet the rest of the speech certainly does not suggest that American capital is being forbidden outlets in Manchuria where it can be employed without doing injury to the legitimately established interests of Russia and Japan. Naturally the principle of the "open door" does not mean that one can step in and take possession of property

which is already legally owned. The "open door" does not mean open robbery.

From the Far East Mr. Taft passed to the policy of the United States in the South American Republics. We doubt whether the success of a policy can be measured, much less rendered "entirely justifiable," as he said, by mere returns in trade. Mr. Taft estimates the goodwill of the Argentine towards the United States by the orders which have been given for battle-ships, and regards the prospect of other orders from South American Governments as a promise of similar goodwill. We confess that to us this Germanic method of taking stock of foreign policy seems rather unreal. But the similarity to the German method does not of course extend below the surface. German policy is in every possible sense a *Realpolitik*; it is real because it seldom, if ever, undertakes anything without possessing the actual or potential means of accomplishing it. It would be flattery to say that this is true of the foreign policy of the United States. That is what strikes us chiefly in Mr. Taft's speech,—that it represents an unreal policy. When the Monroe doctrine was formulated, when Monroe laid it down that Americans would consider any attempt by European Powers to extend their system to the Western Hemisphere as dangerous to American peace and safety, a declaration was in effect made that a considerable Army and Navy were necessary. This was not in the least perceived at the time. The doctrine had a pleasant sound, and no attention was paid to the alarming extent to which it committed the whole American nation. The paradox of asserting extra territorial influence without possessing more than a fractional part of the means necessary to back that assertion might have been enjoyed indefinitely if the events of 1898, when the United States conquered Cuba and

annexed Porto Rico and the Philippines, had not forced upon the attention of Americans a recognition of their responsibilities. It is only a matter of time for Americans to insist on having a Navy and an Army proportionate to their commitments. Meanwhile, as we see from the language of Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox, the United States "refuses quietly to acquiesce" in this or that act by some other Power. But does either Mr. Taft or Mr. Knox attempt to save his words from unreality by admitting that the Monroe doctrine cannot be enforced without the means to enforce it, and that in the Far East, or other parts of the world, the United States Government cannot argue successfully with its competitors when demanding justice, luxuries, or privileges unless it has in its hand the only effectual instrument of argument,—naval and military strength?

The searchings of heart caused by a book recently published by General Homer Lea prove that the American people as a whole are quite ready to appreciate the weakness of their position. They understand the futility of allowing some of the Western States to insult Japanese immigrants, and of expecting simultaneously that the country whose nationals are thus provoked shall meet American wishes elsewhere without a murmur. General Lea, who is anxious to give his countrymen a lesson, probably overstates the case when he says that the citizens of the United States are so hopelessly heterogeneous that they have no common ideal and no universal aspiration towards loyal citizenship. For our part, we never cease

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to be astonished at the manner in which the diverse elements, swept up from every quarter of the globe, are welded into a society which has an unmistakable character of its own,—a character which we believe, in spite of all its superficial defects, is fundamentally good because it inherits all its structural ideas from Puritanism. But General Lea does not overstate the case when he points out the vulnerability of the American coast defences and of the Philippines, Hawaii, Samoa, and Alaska. Any one of these places could be seized pretty easily and used as a base by an enemy while the greater part of the American Fleet was on the Atlantic coast seventeen thousand miles away. The cutting of the Panama Canal will make the defence of the American coasts geographically easier, but that facility will be won only at the expense of reserving a considerable force for the defence of the canal itself. Again, the weakness of the naval transport service in the United States is patent. One might go on indefinitely proving how rashly Americans seem to court attack on their own coasts, without even reaching the much wider question of guaranteeing the integrity of the whole of the Western Hemisphere,—for that is what the Monroe doctrine in its extended form amounts to. The Americans are a logical people, and we shall be surprised if a strong school of thought does not arise before long to insist that American foreign policy should be made more real. It can be made so only by the better adaptation to one another of the policy and the means of enforcing it.

NEW YEAR POETRY-MAKING IN JAPAN.

The New Year in Japan is a period of great racking of brains among the poets of the country, for it is the time of the annual Imperial Poetry Competition which is decided in the following manner:—Early in December a subject is announced by the Court; anyone is at liberty to send in a rendering, but one only. All classes of the people enter, and, every year, poems to the number of forty or fifty thousand pour in to the officials of the Bureau of Poetry in the Imperial Household Department. New Year is for them a period of very hard work, as this vast mass of verse has to be painstakingly sifted, and reduced to some five or six hundred in number. The selected poems are placed before Baron Takasaki, the head of the bureau, who, in his turn, reduces them to ten, which he lays before the Emperor, who is the final judge.

This public competition is a growth of New Japan. In pre-restoration times the Emperor gave an annual New Year poetry party, which was restricted to a few Court ladies and gentlemen, who could alone enter for the competition. When the present Emperor came to the throne he so far relaxed the rules as to allow anyone to write a poem on the given subject, and try his luck; but, of course, he is not invited to the poetry party, which is still confined to a few exalted personages. This gathering is a very solemn affair, and is opened by a public reading, three times repeated, of the Emperor's own effort, and then of the Empress's, followed by the poems of the other members of the circle and those of the outside public which have so far survived the ordeal as to reach the Imperial presence. The honor of a triple reading is reserved only for the poems of the Emperor and Empress; lesser lights have to be content with a single repetition.

The reading of these little snatches of verse is in itself an art, and every year the Emperor selects someone, who is particularly skilled, to read all the poems. Last year the honor fell to Prince Nijo, the present head of one of the five noble families from which the Empress has always been chosen.

After the grand reader has performed his task, the tale is taken up by another official, one of four, whose duty it is to chant the poem, just recited, to a certain conventional tune, the chorus being taken up by the other three. This process adds greatly to the effect of the verse, and is reminiscent of the chanting of the odes and hymns of Pindar, which were doubtless sung to some set tune.

The subject the year before last was a pine-tree in front of a Shinto temple, and the winner was a young girl studying at the Peeress's school. The Japanese pine is, of course one of the chief glories of the country, and the tree assumes shapes such as are seen nowhere else. The long moat surrounding the Emperor's palace in Tokio is overhung by old fellows who fling their arms out in the weirdest manner, and the contrast between the dark green of the sprawling boughs, the vivid green of the water in the moat, and the gray of the massive old walls, built of gigantic stones, laid together without any mortar, is a sight worth going far to see. The trees and wall seem to protest in silence against the modernization of old Yedo and the erection of so-called foreign style buildings, which flaunt their stucco faces and wooden cupolas in increasing numbers all over the city. So long, however, as these ancient trees remain standing, Tokyo can never wholly lose the charm of old Japan, and it is pleasant to observe the care that is taken of them; no branch

breaks off for want of a prop. In the winter the snow is the great enemy of the more fragile trees, but the Japanese gardener plants a stout pole by the side of the trunk, rising two or three feet above the crest of the tree. To this pole a cord runs from every branch, nay from every twig, so that the weight of the snow is supported without placing any strain on the strength of the tree.

Last year the subject for the prize poem again centred round the pine-tree—"A pine-tree in the snow." The interest taken in the competition was again very large, and the museums in the big towns arranged exhibitions of pictures bearing on the subject, so that the poets might gain inspiration from the sight. Happening to be in the Kyoto Museum at New Year time, we observed three people taking advantage of the opportunity; one was a school teacher, another was a small shopkeeper, and the third an evidently well-to-do man. It must not be thought that the chance of winning a handsome prize induces people to enter, for the intrinsic value of the reward is very small, and it is a mere token. The honor of having one's poem read by the Emperor is sufficient recompense, and sheer love of poetry impels thousands of people to commit their ideas to paper. The form of the poem is governed by rigid rules. It must contain 31 syllables, neither more nor less, arranged in five lines consisting of 5, 7, 5, 7, and 7 syllables. Neither must the poet use Chinese words, which renders his task doubly difficult, as nearly all the abstract words with fine shades of meaning are of Chinese origin. The Western poet would be desperately hampered by such rules, and would fancy himself back in the artificiality of the eighteenth century, when immutable laws laid down what was or was not a fit subject for poetical treatment, when even the kind of language was

dictated, and to call "a cold wind" anything but "a gield blast" was a crime against the canons of the poetical art.

But the Japanese move easily within these limits, for what they aim at is suggestiveness, and not detail. Even thirty-one syllables are not necessary for them, and they can turn out a very pretty specimen in seventeen. Here is an eighteenth-century one, composed by the poetess Chiyo:—

Asagao ni	(5)	} 17
Tsurube torarete	(7)	
Morai Mizu	(5)	

Literally translated, this means: "Morning Glory by well bucket being taken away gift water." The Japanese, reading this, at once pictures to himself the lady Chiyo going to her well in the morning to draw water, but she finds that morning glory has in the night turned itself round the chain, and she cannot, therefore, lower the bucket without destroying the flowers. Does she, then, commit the crime? Far from it. Leaving the blossoms undisturbed, she runs across to her neighbor's and borrows some water from him. One can imagine a Western poet manufacturing a pretty sonnet out of this incident; but surely there is something very dainty in the Japanese rendering.

This quality of suggestion runs not only through the poetry, but through their art. We well remember visiting the studio of a Japanese artist, and asking for information. The artist replied that he would be happy to supply it if he had the right to put a question to us first. We consented, and then were requested to spend ten minutes looking at a picture hanging on the wall, after which the question would be asked. We sat down, therefore, on the mats and gazed earnestly at the picture, which was a large one and represented in the left-hand bottom corner the back of a fox's head, and in the

right-hand corner a grape vine with a single bunch of grapes. The rest of the picture was nothing but atmosphere, painted with great skill and delicacy, but still containing no tangible object. After the fateful ten minutes had elapsed, the artist put his question: "Do you want to see the rest of that fox?" Being wise in our generation, our reply was: "Oh no, we can imagine that for ourselves." "Good," said the artist, "you have appreciated one of the underlying principles of our art."

Even in the realm of music this same suggestiveness has its place, for what else is the silent concert given by the Court Musician at certain religious festivals, when all the motions of playing are performed, but all is silent as the dead?

To revert to our subject, the poem for the New Year competition must be composed in the thirty-one syllable form known as "Waka." A specimen over 1,000 years old may be of interest:—

Shira-kumo ni	(5)	} 31
Hane uchi-kawashi	(7)	
Tobu kari no	(5)	
Kazu sae miyuru	(7)	
Aki no yo no tsuki	(7)	

that is, as translated by Professor Chamberlain. "The moon on an autumn night making visible the very number of the wild geese that fly past with wings intercrossed in the white clouds." This is, again, a mere picture for the imagination and gives a suggestion to the reader. The present Emperor of Japan is a poet of high repute, and is said to have in his note-books some six or eight hundred thousand of these little verses, and it would be no exaggeration to say that many millions of these short poems, these tiny spots of color, have been considered worthy of preservation, and are constantly related with infinite relish by people of all classes. The Japanese are peculiarly fond of verbal quips, a quality which

surely would have endeared them to Charles Lamb, and any foreigner who is so far proficient in the Japanese tongue as to make a pun at once acquires a reputation as a wit. If he has only blundered into the pun, he will be wise to keep that knowledge to himself and take the gifts the gods provide him. This national taste is, of course, reflected in their poetry, and if only Thomas Hood could be translated into Japanese he would make the sensation of the century. It is, of course, difficult to give an idea of a pun to those who do not know Japanese, but there is one little ode in which two toppers drinking together admonish one another "to drink fair" with the delightful word *gobu gobu*, which means five parts and five parts; in other words, half and half. The Western reader does not need to be in the habit of looking on the wine when it is red to recognize that *gobu gobu*, with the stress on the *go*, is a very fair rendering of the pleasant gurgling made when the beer issues from the bottle. Of course, there are more stately puns than this, and one can scarcely suspect the dignified Court Circle of descending to this level. One of those most skilled in the play upon words is the Chief of the Bureau of Poetry, Baron Takasaki, who is probably the most eminent living poet. Among poetesses the Empress takes a very high place, and her work is much admired. That sturdy old fighter and reactionary statesman, Marshal Prince Yamagata, has a very high reputation in poetical circles, whilst his political rival, the astute Prince Ito, could do nothing in Japanese poetry, but was very skilful in the composition of Chinese verse.

It often happens that a most matter-of-fact friend, whom one never suspected of an idea beyond the stock market, is discovered to be in the habit of spending his evenings composing Uta or

songs, and the love of them pervades every class of society. So far from there being any signs of diminution of the affection for poetry, the interest taken in the New Year poetry competition grows yearly bigger, and more and more poems are sent to the palace. When one compares mentally the small Japanese tradesman composing a delicate little poem on some beautiful object of nature, with no end in view but the hope that it may be read by the Emperor, with the small English

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tradesman scratching his head to evolve some fustian Limerick, allured by the glittering bait of a country cottage and £2 a week for life, the offer of some enterprising firm of cigarette-makers, the comparison is not flattering to the self-esteem of the Occidental. One cannot help feeling that the Japanese have chosen the better part, and hoping that the new-born industrialism may not strangle their pretty and ancient custom.

Austin Medley.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"The Story of Padua" which appears in the Medieval Town Series, of which E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers, is in part a history of the quaint old city, and in part a guide-book thereto. The one leads naturally and agreeably to the other, and one passes from the Padua of the past to the Padua of the present, with its associations and memorials. There are thirty or forty illustrations and several maps.

To the eight slender but graceful sketches originally included in Sarah M. H. Gardner's "Quaker Idyls" have been added two more, in an enlarged edition just published by Henry Holt & Co. These are called "An Unconscious Disciple of Thespis" and "A Homely Tragedy." They have the charm of unaffected simplicity which characterized the earlier stories. The author has made her studies from life and they are as true to their subjects as Miss Jewett's stories of New England and Miss Marks's "Through Welsh Doorways" are in their respective fields.

The Rev. Percy C. Ainsworth, preacher of the sermons contained in

the volume entitled "The Pilgrim Church," was pastor of a Methodist church in Manchester, England, where he died last year, at the age of 36. Twenty-four brief discourses are grouped in this volume, which takes its name from the first sermon in the group. There is no relation between them, save that of a common spiritual purpose; but they are marked by an earnestness and force, an aptness in illustration, a happy freshness in the treatment of common themes, a familiarity with modern needs and conditions which give them an appeal more effective than studied eloquence. The Fleming H. Revell Company.

"Poems of Belief," by Mr. Theodore C. Williams, promises much in its title to readers weary of hearing the cry of minds mistaking impotence to understand for reason too strong to accept the marvelous which is the Lord's doing, but the little book surpasses its promise. The author's belief is of that species which heightens and vivifies his enjoyment of all things lovely, and robs ugliness of its distasteful quality and pain of its discomfort. Further the author writes from a mind saturated with the best of English literature and fa-

millar with classic thought and phrase, and his mode of expression perfectly harmonizes with his ideas. Manly piety is not often encountered in the American poetry of to-day. The curious in submission, the careful in humility are not rare, but the feminine note sounds too often in their strains. Mr. Williams's verse reminds one of the work of the simple, great ones gone. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Queen Elizabeth's "pulchritude" is a topic in which Mr. William Devereux and Mr. Stephen Lovell, the authors of "Raleigh," take more interest than is common in an age accustomed to regard that attribute as non-existent, and they make it of sufficient importance to be gravely debated by her ladies and her courtiers even in her later days. In other respects they follow actual history with reasonable closeness, and in many ways their Elizabeth is more probable than the unmitigated vixen of some writers or the austere and wonderfully sage imperial votaress of others. Raleigh, faultless in every particular. Essex, a foppish and foolish boy, Leicester, a master of intrigue, and Babington and his mates make up the remaining company of characters with beautiful, honest, loyal Elizabeth Throgmorton in her actual position. Almost inevitably the book betrays its source in the play, but the dialogue is none the worse, and the necessary additions have been made with uncommon skill. The book should take fair rank among current historical novels. J. B. Lippincott Co.

"If only the dead could find out when to come back and be forgiven!" sang Owen Meredith: "If only the living could find out when to come back and forgive," is the burden of the deserted husband's thought in Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Susanna and Sue." The wife goes away, because the husband,

married under the great misapprehension that he is little short of a very intellectual saint, proves to be merely earthly, addicted to the worship of creature comforts and seeking pleasure in many directions; but in the Shaker community in which she takes refuge she learns the secret of true peace and returns to him. He, meanwhile, has learned the same lesson from loneliness and both he and her little son are more than ready to welcome her, and Susanna the mother, and Sue the daughter are left in happiness. The tale is very skilfully told as far as its chief interest is concerned but the background of the community is more interesting, the marked originality of many of the personages and the quaintness of the customs described being farther removed from the commonplace than the tale of the discontented wife. The small Sue, one of the questioning children who are a veritable means of grace to a patient mother, and her pleasantly unreasoning brother are amusing. Four full page pictures in color by Miss Alice Barber Stephens, and twelve headings by N. C. Wyeth are the illustrations and harvest decorations of maize and pumpkin, grape and apple border all the pages and the cover. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"How much they need help and how hard it is to help them!" This is the puzzled summary of the present black problem in the South made by an especially enlightened Northern woman in Octave Thanet's new novel, "By Inheritance," and it must be remembered that Octave Thanet is a Massachusetts woman by birth, and has lived in Iowa and Arkansas and can hardly, therefore, be regarded as abnormally prejudiced in favor of the white Southerner or against the black man. Her hero is a Harvard graduate of mixed blood, and her real heroine is a quadroon cook, a beautiful creature, conscientious in

her work, punctiliously honest, and really upright, although in her youth suspected of light behavior chiefly on account of her beauty. A pair of white lovers of the girl; the Northern woman heretofore quoted; Southern men and women of all classes and of many ages; colored men of types between the Harvard graduate and an utterly illiterate brute; between a pious creature and a thrice guilty murderer, make up the remainder of the little company of personages. Miss French uses all of them to good purpose, and leaves her thoughtful readers with equally high respect for the best of each race, and with strengthened convictions of the profound necessity of cautious wisdom in interference with Southern affairs, and of the criminality of allowing party politics to influence the treatment of a question involving tremendous possibilities. Partisans will be dissatisfied with her picture of the state of affairs, but the impartial will wish success to a story none the less humorous, interesting, and picturesque, for being a valuable political document. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Turkey, Armenia, Syria, Palestine, Persia, Egypt and Abyssinia form the territory considered in Dr. Julius Richter's "*The History of Protestant Missions in the Near East*," a translation of the German edition made by the author himself and adapted to American readers by much revision and rewriting. It may be well to say at the outset, that, although written with an eye single to the interests of the Christian religion, the work gives such a picture of the various sorts of fanaticism rampant in the territory mentioned, and especially of Babism and of the myriad orders of Dervishes as to be of great value to any student of the Anglo-Russo-Indian question, and of the relations of Mohammedanism and the British Empire. Those who refuse to accept the tes-

timony of British laymen and missionaries, can hardly object to the impartial evidence of Dr. Richter, who distinguishes and divides among Mohammedans of various schools and sects, and by no means hesitates to indicate the occasional errors of Christian teachers. He reviews the early history of Mohammedanism and its relations with the Christian churches of the East, before entering upon the subject of Protestant missions. As he knows his subject, he naturally discusses it with moderation, and he does not exaggerate missionary success. He does indeed condemn that form of stupidity which estimates success by the actual number of formally admitted church members, and he neither denies the salutary effects wrought by Islam on certain heathen, nor institutes comparisons between it and Christianity to the disparagement of the latter. The chapter devoted to Summaries and Statistical Tables contains a mass of information not elsewhere easily accessible, and an extremely well-arranged although not copious index simplifies the consultation of the book. Fleming H. Revell Company.

The group of young gentlemen and elderly ladies closely akin to the late Oscar Wilde in mental attitude, is quite convinced that Ruskin is an out-grown author, with nothing to say to this immensely and intensely sage century, and as its prattle is sometimes loud and always shrill, it is refreshing to encounter a work like Dr. William Burgess's "*The Religion of Ruskin*," in which a great number, if not all, of Ruskin's expressions of religious and moral opinion are collected for the purpose of making them popularly available. The author's aim, it should be said at once, is not to provide a substitute for the reading of Ruskin, but rather to show those who know him only by the works often reprinted, how

wide and fertile is the field cultivated by him. In Dr. Burgess's opinion, Ruskin was singularly and strikingly the prophet of his times, and his works contain such a fund of instruction in Biblical truth as is not to be found in whole theological libraries. His style is praised as warmly as his spirit, and his subjects are said to be presented with an eloquence and poetry "not surpassed in all the literary world." The selections, which fill some 350 large octavo pages, are preceded by a biography as enthusiastic as the preface, and the remainder of the volume is divided into five books in which the quoted passages are arranged under the heads "Religious Thought in Art," "Religious Light in Architecture and Sculpture," "Religious Studies in Nature," "Political Economy and other Things," and "Religion in Life and Poetry." The passages selected are of generous length, not leaving a thought half-expressed, as is too often the case in works of this kind, and they are chosen in accordance with the spirit of the preface. The difficulty of indexing such a work is obvious, and it has not been fully overcome, but a little study will enable the reader to discover whether or not any desired passage is included in the volume, and how many on any given subject may be found in it, and the second edition, which must certainly come, may bring an index of greater scope and minuteness. Fleming H. Revell & Co.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston is one of those happy authors who may count all his readers, young and old, as his friends, and most critics and editors as his allies, and his "Recollections of a Varied Life" would probably be an agreeable book, even did he not choose to follow the good new manner of avoiding ugly stories except when the public welfare demands their recital. The book is an octavo of 350 pages, and

as the author's boyhood was passed in Indiana, his youth in Virginia, his young manhood in the confederate army, and the following years of his life among New York journalists, authors and publishers, and as he himself is the writer of many successful books, it is evident that there must be much that is worth while in his "Recollections." As he belongs to a generation following Mr. Bigelow's and as his experiences as far as he relates them, are confined to his own country and to the two professions of arms and literature, his work does not challenge comparison with his senior's, but it is far more valuable than any similarly limited auto-biographical volume published for many years. He has secret history to relate of Gen. Grant, of Mr. Davis, of Gen. Beauregard; illuminating and beautiful anecdotes of Mr. Bryant, the most reticent of American poets, the most beneficent and elevating influence in American journalism; he has stories of Stedman, Aldrich, Loring Pacha, of the entire fellowship of literature, and without any formal description he gives a clearer view of New York journalism than can be drawn from the great mass of fiction and the immense number of newspaper and magazine articles based upon the subject. Incidentally, he has something to say of "The Breadwinners," giving it on the authority of John Hay himself. His accounts of Indiana at the latter end of the early half of the nineteenth century, and of the Virginia dear to him both on his ancestors' behalf and on his own, are clear and vivid and valuable because he belongs to a family holding by unbroken traditions to the pre-Revolutionary days, and able to distinguish between real tradition and recent interpolations, in the interest of recent settlers. Literary New York of the last forty years may be agreeably studied in this book. Henry Holt & Co.

